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THE PEACE CONGRESS AT CHALONS.

WHY do not Mr. BRIGHT and Mr. CORDEN go to the Peace Congress at Chalons? There they would see, in a sort of beatific vision, the magical results of Peace oratory and the Commercial Treaty gloriously unfolded before their eyes. The progress of truth is generally slow, and the resistance of inveterate prejudices long and tenacious. The great benefactors of our species have generally been obliged to count themselves happy if they could see, at the approach of death, from the eminence of far-reaching thought, a distant prospect of the reforms in the promotion of which they had spent their lives. But Mr. BRIGHT and Mr. CORDEN are more fortunate. They are blessed above all ordinary illuminators and reformers of the species. It is their happy lot to see all their dreams fulfilled, not only in their lifetime, but on the instant, and to find their words, as soon as they are uttered, followed by signal effects. They have pledged themselves that France shall be pacific, and immediately all traces of military aspiration and passion disappear from France. Those armed multitudes which fill the plains of Chalons, are they not manœuvring in honour of the prophets of peace? Was it not the oratory of Rochdale and the Mansion House that called this vast camp into existence? These great improvements in the artillery, in the military dress, in the order of battle, are they not the happy consequences of Mr. CORDEN's ever-memorable residence in the Boulevards? Do we not see the immediate effect of the Commercial Treaty in the order for a great breeding stud of cavalry horses in Algeria? In his speech at the Mansion House Mr. BRIGHT drew a sublime and affecting picture of the Recording Angel "winnowing the air with those eternal glooms," and putting down in his black-book those names with which cotton-twist Recording Angels always fill their black-books—Blenheim, Trafalgar, and Waterloo. In the legions drawn out on the plains of Chalons the orator may see the fairest promise of the approaching obliteration of those dark names and of the substitution of brighter and happier ones—another Algesiras, it may be, and another Fontenoy.

Disputes often arise as to the real nature of the Government of France. Some, looking to its overt appearance and acts, call it a despotism. Others, penetrating to its esoteric essence, style it a democracy. Perhaps the controversy is a little like the controversy about the colour of the chameleon. The French Empire is a cross between Revolution and Reaction, and partakes of the nature of both its parents. It is at once retrograde and incendiary, Jesuit and Voltairian, violent and repressive. But neither the name of a despotism nor of a democracy denotes its real nature so well as that of a stratocracy, if we may be permitted to express by a rather pedantic term a complete domination of the army. The camp of Chalons is not only the great military experiment and spectacle of the year. It is the assembly of the political rulers of France—of those who have already bestowed, and who may again bestow or sell, the crown. The Senate and the Legislative Body are like the Senate of the Roman Empire—the disregarded depositaries of a mock power and the scene of mock debates. The constituencies of the Empire are, in nine cases out of ten, only other names for the Minister of the Interior ventriloquizing through the prefects. The camp is the true Senate, the true constituency. Thither, leaving sham Parliamentary contests and ballot-boxes filled with Government tickets, the EMPEROR comes to do the real political business of the year. There, he meets the great powers and functionaries of the State. There, he lowers the fasces of empire to those who gave it and can take it away. There, he displays all the arts of popularity, and is again a candidate, both in his own person and in that of his son. The boy, like CALIGULA, is brought up among the soldiery, dressed in a

soldier's dress, and trained from his childhood to secure to himself the heritage of TIBERIUS by winning the suffrages of the camp. If Mr. CORDEN had an interview with him, we dare say that on that occasion he was dressed in cotton velvet, with emblems of Free-trade, in compliment to his father's ally. But the portrait of her destined master best known to France wears, as a child's frock, the uniform of the Imperial Guard. The era of French civilization has rolled backwards to the Champ de Mars.

Nor are these open and formal manifestations of deference to the army the most significant. There is a still deeper significance in the smaller and more casual traits through which the same sentiment transpires. It was not in the camp of Chalons, but at his watering place, that the EMPEROR the other day, descending to the level of his subjects with the graceful condescension of despotic power, gaily took part in a humble quadrille. But who was his *vis-à-vis*? Not any representative of Peace and Free-trade; not any mechanic in whom Manchester and Rochdale might claim a brother, nor any wine-grower overflowing with gratitude for the French Treaty. He was a sergeant of the Guard, in whom the EMPEROR recognised a true representative of his people, as the heads of the Jacobins recognised the true representatives of their people in the Sansculottes. Again, a magnificent prize is to be awarded to the greatest literary work produced by France in the present day. On which of all the efforts of French intellect is the prize bestowed? Is it bestowed on M. GUIZOT for his high-toned and impartial histories; on MICHEL CHEVALIER for his writings in favour of Free-trade; or on JULES SIMON for the admirable books in which he has attempted, not wholly in vain, to restore the ascendancy of morality and religion? No, it is bestowed on M. THIERS for having, in a history the most deeply immoral and the most unscrupulously mendacious that ever disgraced the historian's calling, pandered to the vanity of the French army, and pointed their way to fresh fields of rapine. The military apprehension may not be of the quickest, even among the vivacious soldiery of France; but it is not likely that a body to which universal homage is paid will fail in the long run to feel and exercise its power. The will of the army will in the end determine the policy of France, and Mr. BRIGHT himself can hardly doubt whether the decision of such an army, so flushed with victory, so intoxicated with flattery and arrogance, will in the end be for peace or war. The substitution, which is stated to be fast taking place, of old soldiers for young conscripts in the French ranks, cuts away the last tie of civil life, and removes the last obstacle to aggressive activity. The French soldiers are now fast becoming thorough prætorians, ready to cry havoc and march over the world at the word of a favourite general. No doubt they are splendid troops, as splendid as the perverted wealth and energy of a great nation can make them; and they threaten Europe with a great danger. But the world has not got so far as this to be given over, after all, into the hands of LOUIS NAPOLEON and his Zouaves.

PROGRESS OF STRONG GOVERNMENT IN AMERICA.

THE theory that a country's annals might be satisfactorily compiled from its statute-book is at least proximately applicable to the case of the United States in the summer of 1861. Even if all other memorials of the time should become extinct, the historian of a dozen centuries hence might construct a very tolerable rough sketch of the existing condition of things in America from the materials furnished by the Acts of Congress during the brief session of little more than a month which commenced on the fourth of July. Nay, the mere titles of the measures would suffice to give a substantially accurate general idea of the history of the period. The list begins with an Act "to authorize a National

"Loan;" and the philosophical student has not to read far without discovering what the money is wanted for, though little light is thrown on the fiscal arrangements for settling its repayment. Acts authorizing the increase of the army and navy of the Federation—Acts to provide for the construction of fortifications, armoured ships, and floating batteries, and for the purchase of arms, ordnance, and ordnance stores—Acts to augment the pay of soldiers, seamen, marines, and volunteers—intelligibly suggest a struggle against some formidable foe, foreign or domestic, which found the great Republic ill-prepared, and which it was resolved to prosecute at all costs and hazards. Other items in the catalogue mark more precisely the nature of the conflict by revealing the existence of intestine discord on the largest scale. An Act "to provide for the suppression of rebellion and resistance to the laws of the United States"—an Act "to define and punish certain conspiracies"—an Act "to punish certain crimes against the United States"—and an Act "to confiscate property used for insurrectionary purposes," testify with abundant distinctness to a wide-spread revolt against the authority of the Washington Government. Even the special circumstances of the struggle would be partly disclosed to a practised critical eye by the heading of an Act "to provide for the payment of the police of the City of Baltimore"—which at once suggests the near approach of "treason" to the Federal metropolis itself, and the forcible supersession of the regular State authorities in the capital of Maryland. The further discovery, in the journals of the two Houses, of resolutions approving and confirming the measures taken by the PRESIDENT for suppressing insurrection and rebellion, points to sundry irregular stretches of power on the part of the Federal Executive; though a study of the provisions of the United States Constitution will altogether fail to show how proceedings intrinsically illegal can be legalized by any *ex post facto* vote of the Federal Legislature. On the whole, the very baldest summary of the legislation of Congress in its recent special session tells a story which will be intelligible at any distance of time—a story of fierce intestine conflict, of vast armaments of one section of the Union against another, of lavish outlay charged on the resources of future years, and of violent assumptions of power by the Executive Government, sanctioned and applauded by the Senate and House of Representatives. With these data before him, the historic inquirer of the thirtieth century will need no other record to inform him that in the year 1861 the American Federation was passing through a crisis full of peril, not only to its territorial integrity and political strength, but to its constitutional liberties also; and he will turn with eager curiosity to those yet unwritten volumes of the Federal statutes at large which will contain the sequel of the tale.

Contemporary observers, who have the advantage of studying the facts of current history from day to day in all their fulness and detail, are aware that the recent legislation at Washington affords but a most imperfect index to the changes which just now threaten to come over the institutions, the habits, and the whole political life of the American people. The war between North and South has as yet barely commenced, but it has lasted long enough to develop tendencies of the worst omen for constitutional freedom. Reckless finance and scandalous military blundering are accompanied by a portentous disregard for the restraints of law and for the personal freedom of the citizen. Strong government is the present ideal of the American mind; and unless the characteristic fickleness of democracy should abruptly terminate the struggle so precipitately begun, there can be little doubt that the popular ideal will realize itself, in one shape or another, only too completely. What has been done in Maryland, without the slightest warrant of law, but with the entire concurrence of public feeling, shows what the Americans will bear, and what we may expect to see elsewhere if the war goes on. All the magistrates of the State capital have been arrested by military authority, and lodged in a military prison, where they are kept in defiance of writs of *habeas corpus* issued by the regular tribunals; and meanwhile, the entire civil government of the district has been usurped by the Federal General. The PRESIDENT has refused, on the plea of public convenience, to furnish Congress with any explanation of the grounds on which this violent measure was taken; and Congress has acquiesced in a *coup-d'état* as illegal as that of the 2nd of December. The fact that this outrage has been committed in a State which still adheres to the Union deprives it of the justification which might

be urged were Maryland an enemy's country. Of unchecked mob attacks on the persons or property of members of a dissident minority, we are not now speaking; and we pass over, therefore, cases in which (as in Maine the other day) obnoxious newspapers have been put down by "the people." In one instance, however, this summary censorship of the press has been exercised by Federal troops acting under the orders of a Federal general. At St. Louis, a few weeks ago, the late General LYON sent a party of soldiers to the office of a Secessionist journal, with instructions to seize the type and prohibit the further publication of the paper; and we have not observed that this daring assumption of a power which may some day find a wider field of operation has called forth a word of objection from any Northern champion of constitutional freedom. It seems to be quite understood that all things are permissible against the abettors and accomplices of "rebellion," and that persons tainted with Secessionist sympathies have no legal rights. From the first commencement of the quarrel between North and South, we are not aware that any single excess of power on the part of the Federal authorities, civil or military, has elicited a whisper of remonstrance from the partisans of the dominant majority.

It may seem extravagant to hint at the possibility of the Republican liberties of the Northern States being finally extinguished by a military dictatorship; but it is the merest matter of fact that the American democracy is at this moment in training for such a consummation. It has committed itself to a war of conquest and subjugation on a vast scale—a war which can only be carried on, with any plausible chance of success, by means of an immense army under a first-rate general. A first-rate general, at the head of such an army as will be necessary to conquer and subjugate even a fraction of the seceded States, will be incomparably the most powerful and popular man in America; and it will be entirely by his own choice if he ever subsides into private life. If Mr. LINCOLN were a military man, he would at this moment be in practical possession of larger executive powers than were wielded by the Prince-President of the French Republic. It must be added that there is much in the character of the American people which favours the belief that military government might be widely acceptable. An inordinate fondness for strong and novel sensations, extravagant sympathies with power in its most visible and tangible forms, indifference to legal rights and legal restraints, and a low standard of political morality, are the most conspicuous recent manifestations of the American mind; and these would all tell on behalf of a military usurper who knew how to identify his tenure of power with the gratification of popular passion and popular vanity. It is worth considering also that a year or two of a war which begins with an annual cost of seventy or eighty millions sterling may too probably produce an amount of distress and privation, among a class little accustomed to suffer in silence, that will require very strong government indeed—especially in the great Atlantic cities—to keep things together. We know what the *Spectre Rouge* did for LOUIS NAPOLEON, and it is quite conceivable that war debt and war taxes might, after a while, cause "society" in New York and the New England States to want a "saviour." These are but possibilities, yet they are possibilities which it is not premature to look in the face. Every judicious friend of American freedom will be anxious to witness the early termination of a struggle which can only be prolonged at the risk of consequences more disastrous to humanity than even the most wanton waste of the blood and treasure of a single generation. It is remarkable that the only class of English politicians who show any disposition to encourage and applaud this most deplorable of civil wars are the special champions of peace at any price, and of retrenchment at any risk.

HUNGARY AND AUSTRIA.

THE Manifesto which the EMPEROR has addressed to the Reichsrath, as a justification of the dissolution of the Hungarian Diet, rests the claims of Austria on a ground which has the merit of being perfectly intelligible. Hungary is pronounced to be a conquered country, and every constitutional privilege accorded to it is a mere boon and free gift of the conqueror. All the old historical rights of Hungary are held to be swept away by the fact of the country having been guilty of rebellion; and if it is to have new rights, they can only have the exact shape and extent which their donor is pleased to assign to them. The Diet did not understand this

It mistook its mission—it fancied it was sitting by virtue of a Constitution which existed in a rude form before the first HAPSBURG was ever heard of. So the Diet has been dissolved, and the conqueror is pleased to order that the reign of force shall once more prevail in Hungary. Everything has been done to bring home to the minds of the Hungarians a sense of their real position and of the fate that is in store for them. Although it was notorious that the Diet would and could offer no opposition to the edict decreeing its dissolution, the Royal Commissioner was instructed to inform the assembly that the military were at hand and would turn the members out if they hesitated to go. It was only at the last moment that General CORONINI was dissuaded from surrounding the building where the Lower House sits with Austrian troops. And, above all, the EMPEROR has, in his Declaration, awakened every bitter feeling that lies in the hearts of Hungarians, and has revived in the most cruel form the memory of old griefs by alluding to what he calls the crime of the 14th of April. In order to understand the indignation which this allusion has excited, and the challenge to Hungary which it conveys, it must be remembered what the crime was. On the 14th of April, 1849, the Diet at Debreczin declared that the House of HAPSBURG had forfeited the Crown of Hungary. But what was the reason of this extreme measure? On the 5th of March in that year, the present EMPEROR, by a Constitution which he subsequently revoked, abolished all the historical rights and privileges of Hungary. He had done more. He had called in the foreigner to crush his subjects. LUDERS had already operated against BEM in Transylvania; and at the very moment when the Diet was sitting at Debreczin, arrangements were being made for the massing of the Russian army on the Polish frontier. To recall these things to the recollection of the Hungarians is to offer them the last extreme of insult and humiliation. It is to bid them remember that their Sovereign one morning swept away, by a little piece of writing, the Constitution they think so much of, and won his point by pouring in legions of foreigners till all resistance was overpowered.

To force the Hungarians oppose law. They carefully abide within the strict letter of their Constitution, acknowledge every right to which their SOVEREIGN is entitled under it, and claim every right which belongs to the people. They will not allow that anything could sweep their Constitution away, or that anything could alter it, except the concurrent decision of the SOVEREIGN and the Two Houses. Of all that has been done contrary to the Constitution, they take no account. They ignore the unconstitutional edict of the 5th of March, 1849, and the equally unconstitutional vote of the Diet of the 14th of April. But the laws of 1848 were passed in a regular and proper manner, voted by the Houses and sanctioned by the SOVEREIGN, and therefore they treat those measures as part of the law of the land. They acknowledge that there are many changes which ought to be made in their political system; but then these changes can only be made in a legal way. With that practical tact which seems so abundant at Pesth and so utterly wanting at Vienna, a series of measures has been prepared in the Hungarian Assembly to show what the Diet was ready to do if it were not prevented by the arbitrary and unconstitutional interference of the SOVEREIGN. Bills have been brought in for the complete emancipation of the Jews, for securing a vernacular education to the Slavonian and Rouman population, for the protection of the non-Catholic communities, and for the abolition of every trace of the exclusive privileges of the Magyars. It is the Royal Commissioner, with his Austrian soldiers, who has murdered these innocents, while the Diet showed itself competent and willing to carry out great schemes of practical reform. Technically, the dissolution of the Diet was illegal, as the Budget had not been voted. The Diet, therefore, protested against its dissolution, but it rested solely on its legal position, and gave no excuse for the employment of force. The country refuses to pay the taxes because the Diet has not voted them. Everywhere and on every side the law is put forward as the unflinching support of Hungary, and as the antagonist of military despotism; and, as M. DEAK said, in the eloquent address which closed the session, it is impossible to overrate the strength which the firm persuasion that it has the law on its side, and is abiding only by its legal rights, gives to a nation in the hour of trial and adversity. Vague revolutionary aspirations may excite a nation, but they differ according to the colouring of each individual mind. The law is an external standard, by adhering

to which men comfort and sustain their consciences, and which assures each man that his neighbour thinks and feels as he does. Hopes of national grandeur and the desire for political liberty often fade away before the petty miseries of private life. But a man who sees the tax-gatherer come to collect taxes which are not legally due is fired with a spirit of resistance that is sure to burst into flame if an opportunity is given. Every Hungarian who is driven by the Austrian soldiery into paying any portion of the taxes demanded of him will feel that he is not rendering what is due, but is plundered by lawless invaders, and will proclaim himself as the avenger, at some future time, not only of his own wrongs, but of the insulted majesty of the law.

Austria has some very warm friends and admirers in England. There are people here who are determined to praise her, whatever she does, and are always dilating on the wonders of her statesmanship, on her skill in governing, and on the admirable way in which she extricates herself from her difficulties. We should like to hear from these admirers of Austria what possible benefit she can be supposed to have derived from the course she has taken with regard to Hungary in the last few months. If she wishes to treat Hungary as a conquered country, and to remind the world that her Emperor can abolish constitutions as easily as he can grant them, and that he owes his Empire to Russia, surely it would have been better to let things run on as they were before. She has lost considerably by this open contest with Hungary. She has allowed the Hungarians an opportunity of proving, as clearly as a thing can be proved, that they are simply defending unquestionable constitutional rights, that the whole nation is actuated by a common feeling, and that the country is prepared to devise and adopt great practical reforms if its constitutional rights were no longer suppressed by force. Then, again, a very dangerous facility has been afforded for the healing of the breach which divided Croatia and Transylvania from Hungary, and the Diet has used its time so well that the Croats have been taught to complain of violations of the Pragmatic Sanction. The belief that Austria is a mere lawless tyrant has been strengthened and multiplied throughout a vast portion of her territories. Lastly, the mental and moral powers of the Hungarians have been revealed to the world. It is now known what is the nation that Austria affects to treat as inferior to itself. The Hungarians have shown themselves possessed of a political ability that at once elevates them to a high rank in the European scale. There is no Austrian statesman that can for a moment be put in competition with M. DEAK. A few months ago he was unknown, except in Hungary; now he is a European celebrity, and is compared to Count CAVOUR. All this tells against Austria. No one can doubt that the EMPEROR meant well, and that he would have liked his patent constitution to have worked well. But in statesmanship good intentions are a small thing. Practical success in carrying them out must be added before they are worth much. This is exactly what is wanting in Austria. She has crowned a long series of blunders by the surpassing blunder of reminding Hungary of the past, and treating her openly as a conquered rebel. This is the end of what was loudly proclaimed to be a policy of conciliation, and it is a conclusion which we should think must shake to its foundation even the most tenacious belief in the wisdom and merits of Austrian Government. We most sincerely wish Austria had played her cards better, but indisputable facts compel us to own that the most foolish of Governments could not have played them worse.

THE LORD WARDEN.

EVERY one admits that Lord PALMERSTON is an extraordinary man; yet it is not very easy to analyse the ingredients of which his pre-eminence consists. He is certainly not great as an orator; and, if current rumour is to be believed, he has never disturbed Downing-street by any overstrained activity of administration. As a politician, he has shown little of the stiffness which marks great and earnest convictions, and a considerable portion of the support that he commands is due to the belief that he is not enthusiastic for the political creed to which he ostensibly adheres. The very sagacity he has shown on several critical occasions is a very uncertain quality, and has frequently deserted him in his utmost need. It would be easy to name many Ministers who have made far fewer momentous mistakes. We question whether, hereafter, his fame will not be found to rest on a quality

which has not hitherto been considered a public virtue—his marvellous capacity for enjoyment under very unfavourable circumstances. He almost monopolizes the distinction of literally enjoying power. Many statesmen long for power, and cling to it, and make grievous sacrifices to gain or to retain it, and are miserable when it is lost. But this is not enjoying power. It is a necessity to them, but though its absence is misery, its presence is not pleasure. Every one remembers Lord MACAULAY's vigorous denunciation of "the closely-watched slavery which is mocked with the name of power." The phrase is written in the faces of most of its possessors. They look careworn, wrinkled, worn-out. Their complexions approximate to the typical tint of discoloured wash-leather which marks the successful statesman. It is impossible not to feel that they would be happier men if they could be relieved at once from power and from the wish for it. But Lord PALMERSTON enjoys office as an alderman enjoys a City feast. He lingers over every morsel, and smacks his lips over it as it departs. It improves his health, brightens his spirits, and increases his amiability. Since he has been Prime Minister, he has always been ready in pure gaiety of heart to embrace everybody. He did not formerly cultivate the arts of popularity. His taste did not always incline him to lie in wait for opportunities of caressing Town Councils, or exchanging convivial jokes with local notabilities. But his accession to "the closely-watched slavery" has operated on him like the wedding-breakfast on a bridegroom, or the class-list on a double-first class man. He sees men and things through the rosy medium of an overflowing self-complacency, and is ready to look upon even half a dozen provincial mayors as agreeable and intelligent companions; and, of course, none of them can help feeling satisfied with themselves when so great a man is satisfied with them.

This unfastidious gaiety is a great secret of popularity in a day of mediocrities; and yet it is no trivial trial to which office, as it is understood in our time, puts a man's powers of enjoyment. There was something enjoyable in the Premiership in the days of WALPOLE, when a Minister was real arbiter of England's destinies both at home and abroad, and made himself a wealthy man into the bargain. Then, the sweets of office might be compared to the advantages of being feudal guardian to a wealthy minor; but now they resemble much more closely the more equivocal blessing of marrying an heiress. The minor has grown up into the wilful, exacting, fickle wife. The happy man who is congratulated by all his friends on having won her fortune and her hand must spend his life in a condition of unflinching gratitude for the favour. He must always be ready with smiling countenance to humour every whim, and chime in with every passing fancy, and must do it as though the enjoyment of his life consisted in nothing else. Such is the duty England now exacts of her chosen statesman. It is not enough that she requires him to spend his hours of sleep and the best season of the year in intellectual labours so severe that only a few men of iron nerves can struggle through, and gives him as a reward the liberty of carrying out the conceptions of other brains. These are but the rudiments of his part. The test of the Minister begins when the holidays begin. The view of the English people is that he works during the session for his own pleasure, and is therefore bound to devote the recess to their amusement. A round of dinners, lectures, shows, reviews, laying of first stones, distributing of prizes, opening of institutions, is before him. It is his function to pass the autumn months in extending to the country at large the pleasures of lion-hunting which during the spring and summer have been monopolized by the metropolis. He shares with Wombell's Menagerie and Cooke's travelling Circus the honourable mission of pleasingly exciting the provincials. The question which those who make Ministers and confer fame now-a-days have to consider is—Does he do it well? Does he do it as if he liked it? When a Provost presents him a freedom in a gilt box, or a Mayor proposes his health, does he assert that it is the proudest and happiest day of his life with an air as if he believed in his own superlatives? Does he listen with the semblance of rapt interest to a Volunteer colonel's recital of his own military experiences? In America, they only require, in their elected one, a certain muscular vigour in performing "the pump-handle movement." But the English have all the exactingness of superior refinement. They must have not merely a conventional emblem of geniality, but a delicate mimicry of it in all its details. A British Premier must seem to enjoy a whole day and half a night of intercourse with men with whom he can have no ideas in common, as much as if they were his chosen intimates.

It seems a hard part to play, to those who have not tried it. And it is a part which, it must be owned, the majority of English Prime Ministers have played remarkably ill. But Lord PALMERSTON accepts it, and seems to enjoy it with zest, as if it was the occupation to which, had hard fate permitted it, he would by preference have devoted his whole life. The dinner at Dover was no doubt supremely dull; the town-councillors were probably vulgar; the sherry was almost certainly detestable. At least, if they were not, they differed strangely from their analogues in every other part of the kingdom. But Lord PALMERSTON endured his day and evening's conviviality with as much apparent zest as he shows when he sits up till five in the morning chaffing Mr. VINCENT SCULLY. The Dover meeting was a crucial test of his capacity in this respect, for there was no ordinary quantity of farce to be enacted. To have to speak the language of imaginary gratitude for the ideal honour of an after-dinner toast on the occasion of entering upon a fictitious office, is a tax on any man's powers of simulation. Some men are oppressed by very outrageous shams, and find that an intrusive recollection of the real grotesqueness of their position paralyses half their powers. But such things act as a positive stimulus on Lord PALMERSTON. He is seldom so lively or so powerful as on the occasion of a thorough political masquerade. He delights in fooling to the top of their bent effete corporations with archaic names, unmeaning duties, and no powers. He evidently took a profound pleasure in punctiliously going through every incident of the comedy, in swearing to perform all the duties of his office, and in persuading the good folk of Dover of the undiminished importance of their community. He had an able coadjutor in Dr. PHILLIMORE, who, having practised in the Ecclesiastical Courts all his life, is used to unmeaning forms, and, having for many years defended the utility of deans and chapters, knows how to keep his countenance.

To a person with Lord PALMERSTON's sense of the ludicrous, his own performances must be a very great resource. If ever, after a long interview with Mr. GLADSTONE, or on receiving the intelligence of his last Bishop's last escapade, he is afflicted with fits of temporary depression, a short meditation on one of his own provincial tours must suffice to dispel the gloom. There can be few more charming episodes in the private life of an official man than the evenings when, in the secure retirement of a family circle, he recounts the nonsense he has talked and the fools that he has made. It is a delightful arrangement, because it gratifies all parties. It pleases him to take in the provincials, and it pleases the provincials to be taken in. It is long before we shall look upon his like again. We may search far and wide before we shall find another so gifted by nature for carrying on the government by bamboozle under which it is our privilege to live. The rising generation of statesmen do not cultivate municipal society; or, if they are forced into it, they administer the requisite flattery with transparent reluctance and faltering tongue. None of the rising hopes of the nation will furnish a Lord Warden who is equal to going with unflinching enthusiasm through the Dover show, or sending jurors and combars home to their beds so profoundly satisfied with their own importance.

SOUTHERN ITALY.

THE Circular of Baron RICASOLI does not attempt to conceal that the accounts from Southern Italy continue to be of a character which is very painful to all the friends of the Italian Kingdom. There seems no end to the misery and confusion which FRANCIS II. bestows as a farewell gift on his unhappy people. The supply of brigands who are collected out of the refuse of the old Neapolitan army, and furnished with money and arms in the Papal territory, appears to be inexhaustible. Nor is it mere plundering and shooting that these friends of royalty and religion are sent to enjoy. The atrocities of the marauders who infest the vicinity of Naples are scandalous beyond what would have been thought credible of a Christian country in the nineteenth century. It is possible that there may be some exaggeration in the statement that they not only roast but eat their victims; but the horrible story of Pontelandolfo is incontestable evidence of the spirit in which they wage warfare. A party of forty soldiers of the line had been sent to suppress one of the ordinary outbreaks of the brigands and their friends, and came to the town of Pontelandolfo to make inquiries and to do justice. They were received with a treacherous welcome, and, when reposing in fancied security, were fallen on and butchered to a man. Vengeance followed

more swiftly and surely than usual. A strong body of troops was marched on the place, and when they saw the dead bodies of their companions, the indignation of the soldiers could not be restrained. The whole place was laid in ruins, and in a few hours a town of six thousand inhabitants ceased to exist. As a great portion of such a population must have been unconnected with the guilty deed, it is impossible to think without horror of so sweeping an act of vengeance; and the hatred which it must necessarily excite in the inhabitants of a large district will more than neutralize any political advantage which military severity may be expected to produce. Nowhere, we may be sure, is unnecessary severity so deeply regretted as at Turin. The Government of VICTOR EMMANUEL has, indeed, throughout had so strong a bent towards a policy of the utmost lenity and indulgence in Southern Italy as to have greatly interfered with the free action of the successive lieutenants who have been sent to restore order in Naples. The local governor is moved by the sight and tidings of horrors committed in the immediate vicinity of the capital, and is inclined to make the shortest possible work with all the ruffians that are caught; while the Cabinet of Turin looks more to the ultimate effect which the exercise of a rigid justice may have on the relations of the South and North. The desire, too, to stand well with the world, and to procure the recognition of the new Kingdom, has naturally fostered a disposition to patch up the Neapolitan rent in Italian unity as decently as possible. But the time for hesitation has now passed away. Sweeping acts of vengeance, like that at Pontelandolfo, are alike to be deplored and condemned; but if CIALDINI were prevented from pacifying the country, at any cost that may be necessary, the Government would make a mistake so obvious that we cannot fear that it will be made.

Great, however, as is the distress and misery which these brigands cause, there is no sign whatever of their producing any political effect at all commensurate with what they must cost their patrons. It is exceedingly annoying to the feelings of every Italian patriot that the French protectorate at Rome should be permitted to throw a shield over the intrigues of those who hire these ruffians; and if, at this particular moment, Italy were contemplating an attack on Austria, it might be useful to Austria that so many troops should be employed on police duty in the South. But if peace continues, these forays of unsupported marauders cannot do a strong Government like that of Italy any permanent harm. The population of the Neapolitan territory appears to be about as brutal, stupid, slavish, and cruel a population as is to be found in Christendom, but the population does not rise against the Government until the emissaries of the reactionary party arrive among them. All men of education and ambition, all those fitted to lead and organize a really national outbreak, are firm supporters of the existing Government. Even many of the lukewarm must be strongly impressed with a conviction that, whatever evils may exist, the absurdest of remedies would be to restore the rule of the BOURBONS and the priests under whom the country has sunk to its present depths of degradation. There is every probability, therefore, that the Government will be left to deal with these brigands, and no brigandage can stand against a strong and determined Government with an unlimited supply of regular troops and artillery. The ex-King of NAPLES is very rich, and he is getting the most fun he can get out of his money by hiring gangs of cut-throats to pillage what was once his kingdom. But his millions cannot last for ever, and, long before he beggars himself utterly, he will hesitate about spending all he has on expeditions which make people very uncomfortable, but do not bring him an inch nearer his lost throne. It is disappointing to find that VICTOR EMMANUEL must for a while govern Southern Italy by the sword, but there is not the slightest reason to doubt that he can do it if it is necessary. Of course, if the intelligence and patriotism of the nation were against him, he would run the risk of a real civil war, and the Italian Parliament would have to undergo the trial—so dangerous to a nation whose liberty is new—of governing despotically in the name of freedom. But as nothing of the kind is to be apprehended, and as no Neapolitan of education, honour, and sense can wish to return to the good old system under which POERIO and his companions were treated like galley-slaves, we do not see how the authors of all this robbing and murdering can expect any great change in their favour to arise out of the present agitation. In a short time the bulk of the old Neapolitan army will have been drafted northward. There, these cham-

pions of fallen Royalty are treated in a manner that must astonish them. They are quartered in a new military station near Turin, and are first washed and trimmed into a state of cleanliness that must seem to them almost unearthly, and are then drilled hour after hour till their outer man at least is quite changed, and some improvement in their character may also perhaps have been wrought. When the disbanded soldiery of FRANCIS II. has been put down at home, or drilled into decency in Piedmont, the brigandage will cease; and then all that will remain for those who have purchased the brigandage will be to wish they could get back the money they will have spent in vain.

There is no reason to believe that the clerical party at Rome, or their lay friends, have any clear purpose in what they are doing in Southern Italy or anywhere else. They only want to make mischief. They are beaten, and they wish to injure those who have had the best of the struggle. In moments of panic and defeat, the supporters of an ancient institution are apt to separate entirely their duties as individuals from their duties to the establishment to which they belong. They stick at no crimes, they tremble before no responsibility, they tell lies and commit frauds by wholesale, in order to support the tottering fabric to which they cling. All the while, perhaps, they remain in their private capacity tolerably respectable and tolerably amiable. Ecclesiastics are especially prone to fall into errors of this sort, both from the long habit of dictating in narrow circles, and also on account of the genuine belief they entertain that Heaven is, or ought to be, on their side. It is astonishing what latitude of speech and action clerical dignitaries will allow themselves when they are hard driven. An eminent ecclesiastic of the Campagna lately informed his flock that he looked on the majority of them as no better than "putrid hay." The hay was not likely to be won over by such preaching into smelling more sweetly. As BARON RICASOLI points out, the unscrupulous violence and bitterness of the reactionary clergy are every day widening the breach between the priests and the laity. The Neapolitan brigandage is not entirely fruitless. It severs more and more the cause of the Papacy from the cause of religion. How effectually it does this may be estimated, if we consider what infinite embarrassment would have been caused to the Government of Turin if the POPE and his advisers had displayed the virtues of Christian forgiveness, charity, and rectitude. If they had resolutely refused to let the stain of blood rest on their hands, and had spoken and acted kindly and gently with their adversaries, the world would have been shocked at such men being turned out of their holy places. But a clergy that rails at its flocks, that likens them to putrid hay, that sends gangs of miscreants to steal and kill, that gives its blessing to cold-blooded treachery, will be judged to have amply deserved the worst fate that can be in store for it. When we consider how largely the vast structure of Romanism rests on the Papal power at Rome, and observe the admirable opportunity of tormenting the Italians which the occupation of Rome gives the French, we hesitate before we adopt any opinion which pronounces the downfall of the temporal power to be near at hand. But when we fix our eyes on the clergy to protect whom Catholics labour so eagerly and France sends her soldiers—when we read the list of crimes and weigh the load of daily misery for which they are responsible—and when we observe the appalling extent to which, in their blind fury and hatred, they depart from the precepts of a religion of love and mercy—we feel sure that such things can have but one issue, and that the power which the priests support at such a cost is irretrievably doomed.

MANCHESTER AND INDIA.

IT is remarkable that every voice from India, no matter on what occasion, seems to echo the same cry. If the topic were less important than it is, it would be wearisome to find that every official or unofficial report on anything connected with the prosperity or the troubles of India inevitably works round to the old demand for roads and canals, and, above all, for irrigation works. A short time since, a report upon the famine and the means adopted to relieve the sufferers attracted general attention; and the substance of it was that, if India had only had the reservoirs she has thirsted and clamoured for so long, there would have been no famine at all, while the same canals which supplied the land with water would, in any case, have prevented 50 per cent. of the relief fund being spent on the mere conveyance of food.

Another report by Colonel BAIRD SMITH, upon a subject which appeared to be quite remote from any question of public works, has recently been circulated; and once more we meet, from an unexpected quarter, additional evidence of the urgent necessity for supplying the primary material want of India.

It seems that in the latter part of 1860 and in the spring of the present year, the Calcutta trade in Manchester goods declined suddenly and unaccountably to little more than one-third of its customary amount. As a necessary consequence, prices fell, and dealers were filled with alarm. The Indian Government was memorialized by the Bengal Chamber of Commerce, and deputed Colonel BAIRD SMITH to investigate the cause, and to suggest, if possible, some remedy for the mischief. With the explanation given of the special calamity into which he had to inquire, we are less concerned at present than with some of the incidental results of the investigation; but it is satisfactory to find that an inquiry conducted with much acuteness traced the immediate mischief to temporary causes, which have already ceased to operate. It was apparent, on the first blush, that the falling-off of the demand in Calcutta arose from an unexampled decline in the purchases of the country dealers through a large portion of the North-west Provinces; and the first step which Colonel BAIRD SMITH took was to repair to these districts in order to ascertain on the spot what had been taking place. The official returns supplied the history of the trade during the past ten years, and information derived from English houses showed the extent to which the demand had dropped and prices had declined during the few months preceding the inquiry. By selecting as specimens those marts which were known to afford a sure test of the course of trade throughout the North-west Provinces, the investigation was brought within manageable compass, and a typical quality of goods was easily fixed upon which furnished a reliable index of the general state of the trade. Accordingly, the special matter of the Colonel's inquiry was to ascertain the ruling prices at Mirzapoor and some other leading towns of "Old Company's Mark Grey Shirtings"—this elaborate designation being that of certain goods which, Colonel SMITH assures us, occupy the same position in the Indian cotton trade as Consols on the London Exchange. How the detailed information thus obtained was combined with the general returns from the whole district, so as to give a clear and apparently trustworthy analysis of the recent history and future prospects of the trade, those who interest themselves specially in the subject will be sure to know from the perusal of the Report in full.

The result, however, may be stated in few words. The past course of trade in these districts, which were just those where the mutiny had raged most fiercely, had been so disturbed by the destruction of goods in 1857 and 1858, and by the subsequent demand for the purpose of restoring the stocks which had been lost, that it was not easy to fix a standard which fairly represented the normal extent and character of the business in the year 1860. However, by eliminating these disturbing causes, Colonel SMITH satisfied himself that the depression was not a mere reaction from a period of inflation, and that its cause must be sought in more special circumstances. The famine was naturally suspected of having had a large influence, but the up-country demand for Calcutta goods had almost ceased before the privation of food was seriously felt, and closer inquiry showed that the area afflicted by the dearth was not sufficient to account for nearly so large a diminution in consumption as would correspond to the decline in the imports of cotton goods. What appeared to be the true origin of the evil was only detected by a careful comparison between the trade in cottons and the trade in corn. This resulted in showing that, from the time when the failure of the accustomed rains announced the approach of a season of scarcity, all the available capital of the North-west Provinces was embarked in grain speculations, and all the communications were choked up by the carriage of this one commodity. The figures obtained tallied admirably with this theory, and, large as was the diminution in the Calcutta trade, it was not more than equivalent to the increase in the traffic in provisions. Some falling-off in the purchases of articles of clothing was inevitable in a country impoverished by the loss of its harvest; but it was made abundantly clear that this was not the only cause, when it was ascertained that the districts which had suffered from the famine were precisely those where

English goods were in ordinary times almost entirely supplanted by native manufactures. This coincidence in area suggested the operation of a common cause, and led to a striking discovery, though one which on reflection afforded little occasion for surprise. In order to trace out roughly a map of the area which had suffered by the drought, it was not necessary to do more than to define the boundaries of the lands to which the means of irrigation had not been extended. But a general canalization chart would exhibit, not only the limits which were set to the famine, but the well-defined boundaries of the trade in English goods.

The explanation is obvious enough. Rivers and canals are the grand lines of communication in India, and it is only over the country within reasonable reach of these lines of communication that the English trade has been able to establish itself. Elsewhere, it was cheaper for the natives to work up their cotton for themselves than to import the produce of Manchester mills, loaded with the extra charge entailed by the want of adequate means of transport. Colonel BAIRD SMITH thus states the law of the distribution of Manchester goods among the inhabitants of this part of India:—"The chief consumers of English cloths are all classes 'near to open and easy lines of communication, be they by land 'or water; a comparatively small section of agriculturists, 'being the upper grades of the class at a distance from such 'communications; a very large proportion of the inhabitants 'of towns and cities everywhere, and the whole of the Euro-'pean community. The mass of the agricultural and the 'poorer non-agricultural classes have scarcely yet become the 'customers of Manchester at all, though it is merely a ques-'tion of time and internal improvement of roads and rivers 'when they shall become so." According to the estimate formed by Colonel SMITH, the Manchester trade has occupied in the North-western Provinces less than one-third of the field open to its operations; and this might be enormously extended by the same class of works which would open the cotton fields of India to our manufacturers, and would save the unfortunate natives from the periodical famines to which they have in past times been exposed.

The moral to be drawn from such facts as these is only too plain. Whether we look to the financial prospects of the Government, to the supply of our first necessity—cotton—to the comfort and progress of the native population, or to the development of our own export trade, we are met at the threshold with the same counsel which a multitude of the most diverse facts conspire (and, to all appearance, in vain) to force on the attention of the rulers of India. To every difficulty the same answer presents itself. Improve the canals and other communications of India, and deficits and droughts will cease to alarm Calcutta, and there need be no more fear of a cotton dearth at home or of a languishing market in the broad plains of India. If ever there was a specific for the maladies of a country, canals and roads are such in the case of India.

AMERICA.

THE recent accounts from America afford little encouragement to those who hoped that the disaster of Bull's Run would dispose the so-called National party to terms of compromise. Stern resolution is abundant everywhere but on the field of battle, and, strengthened by the loan of 30,000,000*l.* which he has succeeded in obtaining from the banks of New York, Boston, and Philadelphia, Mr. LINCOLN seems resolved to prosecute the war with desperate energy so long as he may be able to command the means. The total collapse of all constitutional liberties is almost a necessary consequence of the crisis, but it is not on that account the less fatal to the cause for which the Federalists are so eagerly contending. The Report of the Committee appointed by the Maryland Legislature, which has been adopted by large majorities both in the Senate and the House of Representatives of that unfortunate State, is at once an evidence of the strength of the Secession party at Baltimore, and a warning of the future consequences of the war which has been so recklessly commenced. The United States troops were originally quartered in the capital of Maryland with the legitimate object of protecting the levies from the North in their march to Washington, but the thin disguise of a constitutional purpose was thrown off as soon as it became desirable to coerce a majority opposed to the measures of the Administration. A military occupation of a State which has done no act of rebellion is in itself a serious blow to the organization of the Federal Govern-

ment; but when the military commander took upon himself to arrest on suspicion the Police Commissioners of Baltimore and imprison them in a neighbouring State, the last pretence of constitutionalism was unreservedly abandoned. The appointment of a new set of police officers without the smallest reference to the rights of the State, was perhaps a still more flagrant violation of the Federal compact; and, whatever may be the issue of the war, the Baltimore Legislature is probably not far wrong in declaring that the Constitution of the United States has practically ceased to exist for any purpose except to serve as a war-cry for the party which at present is in possession of Washington. The illegality of the proceedings in Baltimore is rather aggravated than mitigated by the votes by which the United States Congress has affected to ratify them. The Congress has no more right to set aside the privileges reserved to an independent State than the British House of Commons. That a dominant party fighting, as they believe themselves to be doing, for the maintenance of the Constitution, should override the Constitution itself in deference to military exigencies, is natural enough, and, but for its inevitable consequences, might be thought excusable. But whether Mr. LINCOLN's position is or is not one which entitles him to appeal to the tyrant's plea, it is only too certain that the necessity which substitutes military force for legal right will scarcely cease till it has destroyed all the vitality that remained in the only paper constitution which has survived to the present day.

The same determination to sacrifice every consideration to the chance of turning the tide of battle in their favour is still more conspicuously displayed in the most recent acts of the Administration. The embarrassment occasioned by the fact that a considerable part of the property of the South was possessed of the free will, if not of the free action, of ordinary human beings, has called forth a very remarkable document from the SECRETARY OF STATE. The ingenious device of treating runaway slaves as goods contraband of war has been developed into a sort of code by which the disposal of those living chattels is made to depend on the supposed loyalty of their masters. A slave of a disloyal Secessionist is to be forfeited to the States as contraband, while a coloured person bound to service under a loyal master is to be left unmolested, and among the regular announcements of the war, the newspapers constantly record the arrival of "contrabands" at the national camps. But the boldness of this measure, which was almost forced upon the Government, is eclipsed by the extraordinary proclamations by which Mr. LINCOLN has endeavoured to set up an impassable barrier between the two contending parties. The attempt to destroy commercial intercourse between the subjects of belligerent nations is seldom very successful, but Mr. LINCOLN's resolution to exclude or confiscate all goods which can be traced to a Southern origin may be safely pronounced impracticable. A border-line which stretches from the Atlantic to the Pacific would be difficult enough to watch under any circumstances, even with a better-organized and more successful army than the North has yet got together; but when the additional embarrassment of a chain of neutral or divided States is taken into consideration, the chances of enforcing this stringent mandate may easily be estimated.

By bringing captured privateers to trial as pirates, and in many other ways, the Federal party still affects to refuse the character of belligerents to the Southern States; and if it were at all pertinent to inquire into the legality of any of the necessary measures of the PRESIDENT, it might be difficult to find a precedent for confiscating the property of a province which happened to be the seat of insurrectionary movements. To furnish supplies to the Secession armies might reasonably enough be treated on this theory as an act of treason, but on what principle ordinary commercial intercourse can be forbidden with the non-combatant inhabitants of a district in a state of rebellion it is not very easy to discover. The sanction of an Act of Congress, to which the PRESIDENT appeals, is of precisely the same value as the authority of his own proclamation; and though the policy announced will in all probability be found utterly impracticable, the step is not without its significance as evidence of the lengths to which the war party are prepared to go rather than abandon their visionary project of conquering and occupying a country with eight millions of free inhabitants. The source from which the first limitations of the extraordinary powers assumed by the Executive may be expected to spring is beginning to be evident. In the first burst of the enthusiasm which per-

sued the Northern people that they could suppress the South in a single campaign, the boundaries of the old parties seemed utterly broken up. Democrats volunteered and marched to the front side by side with Black Republicans, and it is not recorded that they marched to the rear with greater alacrity than their fellows. But now men are beginning to recall their old party distinctions, and a voice from the Opposition, feeble enough at present, but capable of indefinite expansion by the course of events, is beginning to be raised against the uncompromising policy of the party in power. If the war is prolonged, as it seems almost certain to be, until the lack of means to prosecute it shall impose peace on one side or the other, the protests which the Government is able to despise now may be followed by a more serious opposition in the North itself.

Brilliant military successes might, indeed, silence all murmurs and cover all irregularities; but the military news does not encourage very ardent hopes of this kind. The detailed reports of General McDOWELL and his brigadiers explain with unexampled candour the cause of the catastrophe at Bull's Run, and leave it certain that the business of creating an army has yet to be gone through before a campaign in the enemy's country can be seriously attempted. Whether the Secessionists will venture on the offensive—and, if so, whether they are much better prepared than their opponents to carry on field operations—remains to be proved. As yet they have had the immense advantage for undisciplined troops of standing on the defensive, and it is possible that prudence may dictate to the Generals on both sides a policy of comparative inaction.

The battle in Missouri is reported by some of the New York papers as a victory followed by a retreat; and the last part of the description is certainly correct, the forces having retired from the city of Springfield, which it was their especial object to hold. As Missouri is in a divided condition, which promises to carry the State ultimately to the winning side, there is an adequate motive for hostilities which would otherwise exercise little influence on the issue of the war. The engagement in advance of Springfield seems to have been contested with more courage than the battle of Bull's Run, but the same significant story is told of a successful advance suddenly checked without reason assigned, and converted into an immediate retreat. By degrees, no doubt, the levies of the United States may be turned into soldiers, unless they should become too much demoralized before habits of discipline can be implanted in them. But for some time to come the intense political energy of the Administration will probably eclipse the feats of the army; and unless the initiative should be taken by the South, in spite of their apparent policy of remaining on the defensive, it is not improbable that the funds and the enthusiasm which form the present capital of the war party may be consumed in indecisive skirmishes, which will possibly weary both sides into the conviction that the war can lead to nothing, and that they have no choice but to accept the situation in which they find themselves. It will be well if this should happen before the liberties of North and South have been sacrificed in the attempt to vindicate them.

THE BRIGHTON RAILWAY CATASTROPHE.

AFTER about a quarter of a century of railway travelling and railway experience, we have an accident—we use the word to avoid a circumlocution which greater accuracy in defining the Brighton catastrophe would involve—which exceeds, both in the actual loss of life and in the horrors of its attendant circumstances, all that have gone before it. Each particular of the tragedy seems to exhaust the possibility of adding to its intensity. The crash and collision occurred in a tunnel—in that very place which nobody, even on ordinary occasions, passes through without a slight shiver, and an undefined dread of some disaster such as that which has at length happened. AJAX's prayer has been muttered by many who never heard of AJAX, and if we are to die, it is at least a mitigation of the hour of fate when it overtakes us in daylight. Perhaps it makes but little real difference whether people are struck down in the ordinary pursuits of life or in the middle of a festive occasion; yet there is a natural feeling that a sudden, violent, and painful death is more frightful when the victim is in holiday guise and with holiday feelings. We deprecate, while we anticipate, the unrighteous and irreligious suggestion that in last Sunday's tragedy there was any special judgment on the Sunday excursionists. The tower of Siloam fell upon those who were neither worse nor better

than their Galilean neighbours; and had the five o'clock daily express, freighted with the aristocracy of commerce and trade, met on Monday the same fate which overtook the poor simple excursionists on Sunday, the special interposition of Providence would have been as much or as little to seek in either case.

Even these special horrors are not, however, the worst features of this terrible event. Nor, again, is it in the actual amount of loss of life that the peculiarity of last Sunday's accident consists. The destruction caused by a collision seems to bear no assignable proportion to the apparent violence of the shock. A more severe collision has occurred before now with a less amount of death; and in all these cases it is but a matter of multiplying the ever-recurring elements and facts of mutilation and slaughter. It is of no use to dwell upon the crushing, smashing, and grinding to death which follows such a catastrophe. We can all imagine what death by being pounded up between masses of iron and oak must be. In such a case, to be told of burning and scalding by way of addition adds but little to the notion which the term collision implies. The crash of head and limb, the spattering brain and blood, the shriek, and the death agonies are better not dwelt upon—they must be assumed. All this is horrible and dreadful enough; but the really terrible significance of this particular event is that it looks as though it were only the beginning of dangers. The importance of this tragedy is that it seems to be the result of large, permanent, and increasing elements of the whole railway system. Not only can we not say that it is quite an exceptional case, but we might almost assert that the more railways are developed the greater is the likelihood of the recurrence of such calamities.

It is now an established maxim among railway authorities that the cheap fares are the backbone of profits and success. Railways are but the epitome of the world. There is the Upper Ten Thousand and the Social Hierarchy, but a country is made up of its working, unknown, insignificant millions. The first-class carriages tell upon the eye, and look imposing in the tariff of fares, but dividends come of the use made of railways by the million. At almost all the recent meetings of shareholders, the third-class passengers and the cheap traffic were the matters more especially looked to. If a dividend fell, it was because, as the chairman remarked, a competing line had got hold of the third-class passengers. Every attraction, it is announced, is to be held out to third-class passengers and to the excursion trains. In this trade of railway travelling, as in every other trade, fortunes are made out of pennies. The article of universal consumption—the tea, the cotton, the bread, the calico of common life—is the only thing that pays on the largest scale; and it is now discovered that the true policy of the railway company is to get at the universal customer. It is in passengers, and in passengers alone, that railway traffic appears susceptible of rapid and boundless development. Already, it is not improbable that about as many first and second-class passengers travel as business or pleasure requires. Expansion in this direction—at least a large and sudden expansion—is hardly to be expected. Again, the trade in carrying goods will only rise as population increases; and as nearly all goods already go by railway, little more can be looked for in this direction. It is in passenger traffic, and especially in cheap passenger traffic, that the golden reign of railways is to be found. Excursion trains must be encouraged, and Sunday morning is, therefore, the time for doing your most roaring trade. But then, unfortunately, there are certain invincible difficulties which render the unlimited expansion of passenger traffic impossible. These difficulties are simply those which impede and restrict all vast developments. Space and time are the rocks a-head of what sanguine directors call railway progress. You may get up any amount of cheap excursions; but Sunday morning is only Sunday morning, and a railway has but its two lines of rail and its twenty-four hours of work. To make railways pay, the directors must squeeze two days' work into one day, and they must also get out of a single line the work which is scarcely too little for two lines. This is what railways are now doing; and to avert falling dividends and to neutralize the effects of competition, this they must do even more than they are now doing. In other words, they must despatch more trains; and more trains means trains running at dangerously short intervals.

The fewest words may suffice to explain the cause of last Sunday's casualty; and the tedious Coroner's inquest seems only calculated to raise a cloud of dust about a solitary fact of the very plainest and most unmistakeable character. A

train of excursionists from Portsmouth was to pass through Brighton to London at 8.5, though, in point of fact, it was more than a quarter of an hour behind its time. At 8.15, another train, also of excursionists, and also to London, was to be despatched—that is, within ten minutes after the first. Another and an ordinary train was also down in the timetable to start at 8.30. Here, then, are three trains started—if they are all punctual—in twenty-five minutes. To be sure, it is stated that the first and second of the three were not intended to stop at any station between London and Brighton. That is to say, two heavy excursion trains are presumed to be capable of running more than fifty miles without a single stoppage or a single hitch—one of these, *ex hypothesi*, only ten minutes behind the other. It happened—certainly more by luck than management—that on Sunday morning last the leading train in this race of death ran away clear of its pursuer; but the middle train, though it was not to stop between Brighton and London, did stop—and not only stopped, but reversed its engine, and went backwards, and came into collision with the Parliamentary train, which ought to have been, according to the advertised arrangements, fifteen minutes behind it. Of course, the Parliamentary train was not fifteen minutes behind the excursion train, for the collision occurred only five miles from the Brighton terminus; and, in fact, according to the evidence of the Brighton station-master, the excursion train was not despatched at 8.15, as it was timed, but at twelve minutes behind its time—viz., at 8.27; and we learn from the same witness, that the Parliamentary train left Brighton, not at its proper hour of 8.30, but at 8.36—six minutes certainly beyond its proper time, but only nine minutes after the excursion train. The truth is, excursion trains are never punctual, and it is almost impossible that they should be. But even had the utmost punctuality attended the starting of all the trains, we must say that to despatch two excursion trains with only ten minutes interposed, or to send a regular train within a quarter of an hour of an excursion train, is most dangerous and culpable. This—which was what the Brighton Company tried to do and proposed to do—was bad enough; but unpunctuality made this bad worse. The time table of the Brighton Railway on Sunday morning was almost murderous, even if it had been accurately and strictly carried out. But it was not carried out, for the station-master tells us that the three trains, instead of starting at 8.5, 8.15, and 8.30, respectively, left at 8.22, 8.27, and 8.36. Under such circumstances, of course a very slight hitch, a most trivial error, an accidental derangement, a mistake or misunderstanding, was sure to find out the weak place of this shameful arrangement. It will not do to lay the blame upon signalman, or guard, or engineer, or to talk of "the unexplained failure of some of the arrangements." It is the arrangements themselves that are in fault, and that were bad from the first. The real responsibility of this calamity rests on no pointsman, nor signalman, nor driver, but on the Company which undertakes to carry more passengers in a given space of time than that time will safely allow. Let us hear nothing of the admirably complete signal system—let us not be told that the signalman ought to have done this or that. Signals are sure to get deranged in the nick of time. A signalman is not the most intelligent of men; and if he were, in a moment of anxiety and flurry, the head of any man might fail him. The lives of hundreds of people are made to depend on the absolute certainty of running time so fine and so accurately that, if you are saved, it is by the skin of your teeth—on a signal never going wrong, and on a signalman never making the wrong sign or never losing his self-possession in a moment of emergency and danger. Are we prophets of evil when we say that, with "railway" development more and more a matter of necessity, we may look out for accidents even more terrible than that of last Sunday?

BOOKMAKING.

WHEN we say that London is empty, we merely mean that at the West End there are not quite so many people as there were a month or two ago; and so, when we say that there are no new books now, we merely mean that there are no good new books. The stream of publication never ceases; and when the issue of good books ceases, the steady voluminous flow of bad books forces itself on our attention. Bookmaking is like baking, and the oven is heated every day except Sunday. The odd thing is, that in the book business, the greater part of the loaves are not wanted by any one, and the bakers bake for the pure pleasure of baking. Some portion of minor current litera-

ture is due to the regular literary hack, but not a great deal. There must always be professional bookmakers, but there are not very many of them; and, slight as are their performances, they yet cost too much time and thought to be multiplied at pleasure. These writers for the day have lately tried to invest their occupation with such a halo of fictitious glory that their real merits have been a little obscured. To produce two or three volumes a year in a smart style, and full of superficial knowledge, is not at all a grand or wonderful thing; but still the hack-writing of England is of a very decent kind, and some hack-writing is unavoidable. Ordinary readers wish to have their literary food presented to them in a familiar and recognisable shape. History, travels, philosophy must assume the colouring that is fashionable in order to be palatable. With thousands of readers it is a choice between the writing of the fabricators of current literature and no reading at all. Unless history is short, funny, and adapted to present tastes, it is never opened. And, in its humble way, the article turned out to meet this demand has its good points. It is generally the fruit of some little industry, and it is almost invariably written in a good spirit. The people who are worth commending are praised—the follies or the crimes of the bad are stigmatized. There is even one element in the common cast of English thought which is worth having, and which is, in a large degree, owing to the influence of professional bookmakers. These writers are generally a little angry with the society which does not do them justice, and they are inclined to sympathize rather eagerly with those whom respectability condemns. They make the very best of characters, and persons, and transactions which have the sort of attractions that captivate those who feel themselves to be on the outside edge of society. These predilections pass through their works into the minds of their readers, and thus the circle of general sympathy is insensibly widened. It would be very easy to point out that this is not an unmixt advantage, but still it is an advantage; and when we feel inclined to laugh at bookmakers, we ought in fairness to set down to their credit the perseverance and success with which they infuse a spirit of toleration into the minds of the half-educated.

But professional bookmakers only turn out a small portion of the vast mass of books destined to die almost before they are born. The wish to write a book is a very natural one, and the bookmaker may be amply rewarded for all his trouble even if a page of his printed volumes is never cut. To many persons print is the only escape from desultory thinking and desultory reading. Hundreds of cultivated men and women are conscious of some degree of thought and feeling, take a lively interest in many subjects, and sincerely wish both to gain clear conceptions and to do something thoroughly. Yet year after year ships by and brings no fruit with it. They read one book after another, they take up science or art, and follow branch after branch in rapid succession. They alter their opinions and mature their judgment. But still they feel that there is a mist between them and truth. They never give themselves the trouble to sift evidence, to think over problems, to picture the reality and sequence of events, to attain a definite well-founded conclusion on matters that they allow to be of the utmost importance to themselves. If, however, they summon up courage to write a book, they seem to have a rock to cling to in the midst of a sea of uncertainty. They can no longer state without examining well the grounds on which the statement is to rest, and the limits in which it must be confined. They enjoy the pleasure of humility, and own how much must be gone through before anything satisfactory can be done, and how very little can be done at last. They acquire a personal familiarity with the characters and scenes on which they fix their thoughts night and day. The past is no longer shadowy to them—a land of the ghosts of other men's thoughts—but is peopled with their own creations. They are obliged to give an express opinion on many points of religion and philosophy which previously they were content to put aside with the easy indifference of an indolent curiosity. If their bent is towards poetry rather than prose, and they love to imagine rather than to describe, they are obliged, by the mere determination to print, to acquire some degree of mastery over the mechanism of verse and of poetical language. Most persons who have read poetry largely, who live a simple life, and have leisure, feel every now and then an impulse to express their strongest emotions in verse. But directly they attempt to write they are stopped at once by their inability to express themselves. Either their verse is merely metrical prose, or they cannot fail to see that memory has been the mother of their muse, and that they have simply put down reminiscences of their favourite authors. This difficulty can, to a certain extent, be overcome by patience and unremitting application. A person of cultivation and feeling cannot become a poet by mere force of will, but he can clothe the sentiments and perceptions most interesting to him in language that shall be tolerably adequate and tolerably original. It is impossible to say that he would not gain by doing this; and the easiest way practically to do it is to resolve to make a book. The book will be to him the outward sign that his task has been accomplished, and at the same time the strongest incentive to persevere in accomplishing it.

But all bookmakers do not set to work in this way. The majority of ephemeral publications cannot pretend to so high a rank, and can scarcely have benefited their authors more than they do the public. Still, it is all a question of degree; and it is

impossible, without an intimate knowledge of the character of the author, to say that he has not found both instruction and pleasure in his work. At first sight, it may seem wonderful that so many people can write books, and care to write them. But when once the pleasure of writing has fascinated the mind, the power of gratifying it soon comes. It is really very easy to make a book, as any one will find who tries. We may observe that there are more especially two lines in which bookmaking slides along without any sense of difficulty, and without any assignable limit. If a person who wants to make a book will but let himself slip along one of these two grooves, he may go bowling away for ever. One way is to reflect on things in general, without inquiring into the grounds on which what is established really rests, and without ascertaining what has been already written on the subjects that most attract the attention of the self-made philosopher. This strikes us as of all ways the easiest and best. It is so flattering to our self-love to survey society, to object to everything, and to propose a host of remedies. Education, marriage, political government, the state of the poor, English law—in short, every department of what is called social science—presents a thousand flaws and blemishes to an accomplished critic. The great thing is to speculate without investigating and without reading. The dreariest platitudes then come fresh from the bosom of the meditative man, and he cherishes them as if they had been revealed to the world for the first time. The most silly remedies which have been either proposed and discarded a hundred times, or only passed over because they were too foolish to propose, can be confidently insisted on and recommended with the gushing eloquence that is always at the command of slashing reformers. The other great way to make a book is of a very different kind, but is hardly less simple. It consists in arranging some of the best-known facts of history or biography around a purely arbitrary centre. As these centres are unlimited in quantity, and occur to any one in abundance after a moment's reflection, the method of the book may be struck out at once by any one, and then a good encyclopædia will furnish all that is necessary in the way of accessory materials. One writer gives us an account of "Poets whose right foot was bigger than their left." Another puts together a history of the "Third Sons of Banished Potentates." Another gives us "Anecdotes of the Grand-daughters of Unsuccessful Actresses." It is evident that books without end may be made in this way; and perhaps it is scarcely fair to say that home-spun philosophy demands less industry and ability.

Specimens of both kinds of composition are strewn as thickly as autumn leaves. A book called *An Unpopular View of our Times*, lately published by Mr. P. A. Fraser, may serve as an example of the first method of bookmaking. It has evidently been a great pleasure to the writer to persuade himself that his view is unpopular. He has thus the glory of protesting against the evil around him, and of sitting like Marius among the ruins of Carthage. He is the one great wise man in the midst of a foolish multitude hurrying to destruction. The home-made philosopher would always lose half his pleasure unless he took the gloomiest view of every one but himself. Currency reformers always show that there is a balance against England of a few billions, if she would but see it. There is nothing like taking up your parable against the people you live with for getting a cheap satisfaction, and a prophet may be allowed to regard his common-places with affection. The author of this volume has kindly accumulated his more elaborate platitudes into a very accessible group, and has strung them together as an index to the book. We there gather such pearls of wisdom as the following:—"To provide for future and unseen wants is the duty of working men, and the duty of employers is to refrain from seeking their aggrandizement by means which bring misery and ruin on the employed." "The commercial prosperity of literature is not necessarily a proof of intellectual progress." "Popular preachers are not always successful in lessening irreligion." It is not much fun reading these sentences, but we may be sure that it is great fun writing them. If we can but tax our fancy enough to throw ourselves into the position of a man who honestly and heartily believes that he is saying them for the first time, and that no one ever stole his thunder before, we may conceive that it must be very pleasant to feel full of benevolent wisdom and pour it gently out. Everything is wrong in the eyes of the author of the *Unpopular View*. Merchants are wrong, teachers are wrong, the clergy are very wrong, but, above all, joint-stock companies are an abomination. His acquaintance with human nature reveals to him that members of a board will do things from which they would shrink as individuals. The first reform he suggests, therefore, is to do away with all associations for purposes of gain. We feel the faint flutterings of a languid wish to know what on earth his substitute is to be, and what is to be his panacea for all the evil he deplors. At last we come to it. Government is to do everything. Government can have no low feelings of avarice, nor any wish to grind the poor, nor any temptations to rob, lie, and cheat. So government is to carry on every good scheme, and reject every bad one. This is like the shower of bank notes which happy currency people rain on all the world. To grumble at all the world, and conclude that government ought to set everything straight, is the simplest, the cheapest, and perhaps the most agreeable of all philosophies. Mr. Fraser does not part with it before he could help, and tells us that he has gone over his ground with such

increasing enthusiasm that his volume, which at first was only meant to have two hundred pages, expanded into six hundred. He must be very sorry that he has done spinning his cobwebs. He has made such a nice-looking symmetrical net, and all out of his own stomach.

A work called *Prison Books and their Authors*, by Mr. Langford, may serve as a specimen of the other kind of bookmaking. The central thread which the author selected to hang his literary work on is an unartificial one. He takes the books that have been written when the authors were in gaol. There is no other connexion between them, and it would have been exactly the same thing to have taken the books that have been written by authors in bed, or after dinner. Indeed we may hope, if this volume is successful, to have an account of books written by authors within two years after coming out of gaol. If a third volume described books written within two years before going into gaol, the whole would make a very nice little series. The more we think over the matter, the more puzzled we are to say whether this or the homespun-philosophy method of bookmaking is the easiest. It is true that page after page might be written off at a lightning pace on such a theme as that popular preaching does not always stop irreligion; but then the beauty of the other method is that the pages are already written. Directly the accident of a book being written in prison has been selected as the central thread, the book is potentially written. Sir Walter Raleigh, for example, is known by every one to have written a book in prison. Out comes the volume of an Encyclopedia with R, and down goes the life of a "Prison Author." Of course an author who is in the least up to his work invests the accidental centre on which he has pitched with a high moral meaning. The dark and lonely cell, we read in the preface, "has become a holy place, which the song of the poet, the story of the novelist, the truths of the philosopher, the prayers of the martyr, the aspirations of the patriot have glorified; and from these glorifiers of the prison a few have been taken." One of the glorifiers of the prison to whom a large portion of the volume is devoted is Dr. Dodd, who, on the eve of being hanged for forgery, wrote a volume of sanctimonious trash which he called his *Prison Thoughts*. The moral purpose and the glory of the cell are rather obscured here; but it would have been rather too marked if almost the only book written in prison that bore an allusion to the locality in its title had been excluded from the catalogue of that valuable class of literature. There is, however, no reason why a book put together in this way should not be readable and pleasant. A writer may decide on compiling the lives of the first six persons whose names he opens on in a dictionary, and yet his compilation may be interesting. This is the signal advantage of the second method of bookmaking over the first. *Prison Books* is a readable volume in its way, for the author has not spoilt his materials, and biographies of out-of-the-way people are fair food for an idle hour; whereas the *Unpopular View* seems to us about as little worth reading as a book can be. Bookmakers, therefore, who have not yet decided on their field of labour, will, we think, do well to profit by the comparison of these volumes, and had better toss up how they shall arrange portions of an encyclopædia rather than moralize on the shortcomings of English society.

HALF BETTER THAN THE WHOLE.

MR. EDWIN CHADWICK, C.B., has displayed, during his public life, considerable and not altogether prosperous activity. There certainly was a time when he could count not a few enemies, but he has now acquired an enduring reputation as the schoolboy's friend. His busy mind has been lately engaged in inculcating the pleasant doctrine that half a day of book-work is as good as, or even better than, the whole. This doctrine is supported by a great weight of testimony; and besides, if we could cast away old prejudices, and look at it with independent minds, we should see that it is consistent with common sense. Like other important discoveries, it appears obvious when once it has been comprehended. Still, to Mr. Chadwick belongs the merit of collecting and bringing under public notice the arguments and evidence in proof of the advantages of the Half-time System. It is true that his observations are only directed to schools for the poorer classes; but as the nature of boys and girls is everywhere the same, there is no school, however affluent and exalted be the social station of its pupils, to which these observations are not applicable. If Mr. Chadwick's doctrine meets with the acceptance that it deserves, we shall certainly expect to see the schoolboys of the United Kingdom combining to raise a "Chadwick Testimonial Fund" in token of their gratitude for the abolition of long lessons. We should rejoice to contemplate a statue of Mr. Chadwick erected by means of what he would himself call "economies" out of schoolboys' pocket-money. We would have him in the attitude of a bowler delivering a ball at cricket. He should be uttering the exclamation, "Play!" and his advanced foot should trample on the open pages of a prostrate Latin Grammar. Posterity will remember him as the great benefactor of boys and girls, who first brought into practical application the principle that—

All work and no play
Makes Jack a dull boy.

That saying is probably an old one; and no doubt the experience of teachers has over and over again confirmed it. Nevertheless,

it remained for Mr. Chadwick to collect and digest the testimony of that experience. If he has not invented the Half-time System, he has conclusively demonstrated its utility.

The rich are sometimes reminded that they could not do without the poor. The aristocracy and the professions would certainly succeed indifferently at digging, baking, or making shoes; and we may add that their children might have pored from sunrise to evening over the Latin grammar, with little hope of the intervention of philanthropists. We doubt whether the genus "educationist" would have been called forth from the womb of nature to correct any faults, real or fancied, in the system of the old and famous English schools. But the supervision of the intellectual progress of youthful paupers has now become a regular branch of philanthropic business. Experiments are tried, and reports are made of them, and the observations of the "educationists" thereupon, as well as everything that happens to be passing through their minds about the same time, are put in writing, and sent to some official for consideration; and perhaps, as has happened to the lucubrations of Mr. Chadwick and his friends, they get printed at the public cost. It seems that Mr. Chadwick prepared or collected numerous papers for the information of the late Royal Commission on Education, which, as the consequence of a motion in the House of Lords, have now appeared in the shape of two small Blue-books, supplementary to the Report of the Commissioners. We think the main object of these papers most important, and the evidence which they contain highly valuable; but still we cannot help feeling that Mr. Chadwick and his supporters have a distressing proneness to write and publish essays at the national expense. It is not alone the Blue-books relating to education that are thus made to furnish opportunities for pamphleteering without printer's bills. The tendency is increasing even among officials; while amateurs like Mr. Chadwick can scarcely be expected to restrain it. If this sort of thing is to go on, it really ought to be put upon a cheaper footing. We would recommend Mr. Milner Gibson to propose to his colleagues in the Government to buy up the *Star* and *Dial* and make it perform the functions of the *Moniteur*, reserving a certain number of columns for those dissertations upon things in general which have heretofore been published in Blue-books. Thus a considerable economy would be effected in print and paper, and at the same time the nation would not lose the benefit of the few grains of corn which may be sometimes winnowed from a heap of chaff.

This band of essayists on Half-time may be advised to take into consideration that a demonstration addressed to men, as well as a lesson given to boys, may be advantageously restrained within limits which, unhappily, are now unusual. We should like Mr. Chadwick to have before him an accurate report of the progress made by ourselves in reading and digesting his letter to one of the Commissioners. We rather think that we should not make a much better figure than the little boys whose second quarter of an hour of instruction drives out of their feeble heads whatever the first quarter may have put into them. A good deal is said in these Blue-books about the greater power of first-rate teaching to command attention, and the possibility of profitably prolonging the more lively lessons. Now, we do not find Mr. Chadwick a first-rate teacher, nor are his lessons lively, although we admit that the substance of them is excellent. He has a ponderous style which is disagreeably interspersed with that horrid "educational" slang of which the phrase "industrial industry" shall be the only specimen that we will inflict upon our readers. However, he has proved conclusively that half is better than the whole, and also that one Blue-book would have been better than two. It seems to ourselves hard that, when we were boys, we had to learn long lessons, and, now that we are men, are forced to read all that Mr. Chadwick writes about short ones. But we will forget our peculiar grievance in the general joy. "There is a good time coming, boys," when the views of "educationists" shall have been forced by Paterfamilias upon the attention of reluctant Eton masters. That will be a time of frequent half-holidays, of liberal allowance for the effects of hot days and pudding upon the intellect, and of short lessons of grammar, construing, and arithmetic, relieved by singing-lessons and drawing-lessons, and drill and gymnastics, and simple play. It is not an absolute novelty to hear that the attention of boys to mathematics is apt to be deficient after dinner. Many successive discoverers of that weakness in the puerile nature have proposed to remedy it by the use of some instrument of flagellation. It has been reserved for the beneficent Chadwick to propose that the energy which nature requires for digestion should not be diverted to abstruse study. To old-fashioned schoolmasters, it may appear absurd to talk about a boy's digestion—as absurd as to a boy who has just invested all his ready cash in lollypops. Nevertheless, Mr. Chadwick's efforts may have for their result that our grandsons will not, like ourselves, be set to learn Euclid immediately after dinner.

The only principle upon which long and close confinement over disagreeable and almost impracticable tasks could be to any extent justified would be, we suppose, this—that a man during his life has to struggle almost perpetually with difficulties, and therefore it is well that he should be inured in good time to the conflict which awaits him. Within certain limits this principle may be sound, but these limits were far exceeded in the old-fashioned school-system of hard lessons in a hot frowzy room immediately after a full meal. Indeed, we doubt whether the schoolmasters who acted on this system ever appealed consciously to any prin-

eiple at all, except perhaps this—that the less their boys liked a particular task the more they ought to be kept to it. The absurdity of the old system was displayed even more strikingly in the religious than in the secular instruction which it attempted to convey. Boys who resided at the school would be taken on the Sunday to two of the fullest possible services at a parish church, and in the evening there would be long prayers and longer expositions for their particular benefit in the school-room. Is it strange that youths who have been subjected to this irksome discipline throughout their school life should never afterwards enter a place of worship willingly? The subject of Half-time in sermons is not a new one in these columns. But if, as we have insisted, discourses of the modern length are weary and unprofitable to men and women, what must they be to boys and girls? For hearers of all ages, is it not true of sermons, as is said in one of these Blue-books of lessons, that the second half obliterates the impressions which the first half may have conveyed? Unhappily, the choice on Sundays is very often made to lie between absolute mental and bodily inactivity within and without the church. The strength of the Half-time System is, that on week days the hours retrenched from book-lessons may be employed either in remunerative labour or in those imitations of it which are practised in "industrial" schools, or in drawing and music lessons, military and naval drill and gymnastics. There is abundant evidence that the half-time scholars of ten or twelve years old are equal in knowledge, and superior in readiness, to the full-time scholars of the same age. It is asserted by a host of experienced witnesses that three or three and a-half hours of book-learning per day is the most that should be required of an ordinary child of ten or twelve years of age, and that all that is exacted beyond this is waste. The same principle applies, though in a less degree, to pupils of more mature years. One witness thinks that four and a half hours work per day is the most that should be required up to eighteen years of age. There is reason to believe that at all schools, for all ages and worldly stations, the time allotted to books might be shortened without any diminution of that "bright voluntary attention" which is essential to real progress. The yearning, almost irrepressible, of an active boy to play truant on a fine summer afternoon might be indulged without interrupting his education. Those of us who have longed to exchange the stifling schoolroom for the fair meadows and the glassy river, will duly estimate the debt which the youth of England owe to Mr. Chadwick. There is a passage of a Greek play, often hammered at by boys, which expresses beautifully the wish for rest amid the fields and trees. Many a boy, as he painfully dug this sense out of the words, must have been struck by the resemblance which it bore to his own feelings. Thanks to Mr. Chadwick, these feelings are likely to be recognised as deserving, not suppression and eradication, but encouragement. It is really astonishing to read the unanimous and enthusiastic testimony of his witnesses, whether schoolmasters, employers of labour, or of other classes, in favour of the military and naval drill which has been introduced into many schools to occupy some of the time previously wasted upon books. This drill may be truly called a great invention for the moral and physical improvement of the children of the poorer classes. It makes them orderly and manageable in school, amuses and exercises them in the hours not required for study, gives them strength and activity, habits of obedience, alacrity, and combined movement, which make them useful beyond their years to employers after they leave school; and it imbues them early with tastes and training which carry many of them into the military and naval services, and will render those who prefer the arts of peace valuable as Volunteers. We quote from one of Mr. Chadwick's witnesses:—"Recently, two youths who have entered cavalry regiments, returned to pay a visit to the school. The sight of them in their uniforms, with their spurs, created a profound sensation in the school." In this passage we have the key to a mode of treatment which might turn the majority of children of the classes which are sometimes called dangerous into brave defenders of the country to which they have been hitherto deemed a burden. It is only to be feared that the process is too easy for officials to condescend to try it.

ACCURACY.

WE have read somewhere that a great man, or one who does his best to become a great man, should think nothing either too great or too small for him. No object should be too great for him as an end, while no detail should be too small for him as a possible means. We believe that this doctrine is true in morals, politics, literature, art, and everywhere else. In any one of these departments ideal perfection must always consist in a great conception accurately carried out in detail. This does not imply any minute and tedious attention to small points. Such attention may be necessary, or it may not. For instance, a drawing may be confessedly a rough sketch, showing merely the outline of the thing represented. Such a drawing is not to be called inaccurate because it does not show what it does not profess to show—because a few strokes or a mere blotch stand for objects which might in themselves deserve hours of study. But it is inaccurate if it deviates, however slightly, from the truth of the outline which it does profess to show. No architectural drawings, for instance, are more accurate than those of Mr. Petit, which show no detail at all, but which show what they do profess to show—the general outline

and character of the building—more perfectly than they are shown in any other way. Or, again, a narrative is not inaccurate because it confines itself to the general aspect and to a few of the most striking points of the event recorded, and leaves out an infinity of details of every kind. But it is inaccurate if it deviates in the least degree from perfect exactness in any matter, great or small, which it does introduce. The number of details to be introduced into a drawing or a narrative must depend upon circumstances which vary in almost every particular case. Sometimes it is fit and proper to tell everything—sometimes we may pass with a very light foot over a vast field either of time or space. Our only point is, that whatever a man says, does, draws, or anything else should be accurate as far as it goes, and that it should not be received as an excuse for a *faux pas* in composition, any more than in morals, that it is "a very little one." The distinction is one important to be made, because people often confound accuracy with mere minuteness. Complaints of inaccuracy are often thought to be pedantic or hypercritical because they are supposed to be merely complaints of the lack of minuteness. Now, minuteness—that is, the abundant statement of details—may be necessary or unnecessary, according to circumstances; but accuracy—the exact statement of whatever is stated—is always necessary. It is mere lack of minuteness to draw a building so that the lines of its tracery cannot be distinguished. It is inaccuracy to show the lines of tracery as Geometrical when they really are Perpendicular. It is mere lack of minuteness to call a man vaguely an Eastern Christian, but it is inaccuracy to call him a Greek if he happens to be a Bulgarian. It is mere lack of minuteness to call a man generally a nobleman; it is inaccuracy to call him an Earl if he happens to be only a Viscount. In all such cases, the mere lack of minuteness may be perfectly excusable if the author has no means of knowing, or if the distinction is of no importance to his subject. But the inaccuracy is in all cases blameworthy. It is a man's business to learn the exact truth, and to learn how to express it in exact language, before he ventures to make a direct and positive assertion about any matter, great or small.

The habit of accuracy or of inaccuracy is one which runs through everything that a man says or does. To be constantly accurate is not a matter which, as some people seem to think, requires a constant and painful effort; it is essentially a habit. An accurate man is accurate without any trouble on his part. Accuracy of expression follows naturally upon habitual clearness of thought. A man who has got his mind in proper order, who knows what he does and what he does not know, will habitually express himself correctly. If minute knowledge be necessary, and if he possess it, his expressions will be accurate in every minute detail; but if his knowledge be quite general, his expressions will still be accurate as far as they go. He will clearly express what he has got clearly in his mind, and what he does not know he will not talk about at all. And he will do all this quite naturally and without any effort, merely as a habit. And the habit will show itself in all kinds of forms. The man who is scrupulously accurate in the grammatical turn of his sentences, who is always correct as to names, places, and dates, will be equally accurate in keeping an appointment at the exact hour which is agreed upon; he will be particular in paying his own debts to the uttermost farthing, and he will be at least better pleased in his own mind if what is due to him be paid with the like scrupulousness.

Accuracy in narration is often taken to be the same as truth in narration. And undoubtedly a really truthful man—one who loves truth in all things, small and great—will always be accurate. Carelessness and confusion of thought and expression, though widely different from conscious lying, do really imply a certain insensibility to the paramount necessity of truth in everything. But a man may be scrupulously accurate in the points of which we are mainly speaking, and yet his narrative may be far from truthful, either because he wilfully violates truth, or because his tale is unconsciously coloured by his prejudices. Accuracy, as the name implies, is habitual care. Its opposite is neither wilful invention, nor the unfair colouring which is the result of prejudice, but that carelessness of expression which is commonly the result of muddle-headedness. The clearness of thought which produces habitual accuracy is of course a natural gift, or presupposes a natural gift, but there is no natural gift which cultivation does more to strengthen, or which neglect does more to weaken. Muddle-headedness, and its consequence, inaccuracy, are often quite as much the result of mere habitual negligence and slovenliness of thought, which of course might be avoided, as of any natural defect which cannot. Inaccuracy, therefore, is morally blameworthy.

Muddle-headedness is something quite different from mere ignorance. Of course the best-informed and most clear-headed man will constantly come across things, even in his own range of subjects, which he does not know. When this happens, he will hold his peace about them till he does know—he will learn about them as soon as he can—and what he does learn he will carry clearly in his head and will be able to express with accuracy. Muddle-headedness is quite consistent with a great deal of knowledge, at any rate with a great deal of time and labour given to attempts at acquiring knowledge. But the various facts are all confused in the man's brain; the names, dates, persons, places are all there, but nothing is in its right place; they come out anyhow, one instead of the other, just when they are not wanted. A slight connexion of ideas, a slight resemblance in sound, is

enough to make such a man speak of one person or place when he means another, and when he would probably at once see his mistake if anybody pointed it out. For instance, Dr. R. Vaughan made *Pertinax* be led in triumph by L. Æmilius Paulus, and when one or two of his critics pointed out the absurd blunder, he quietly put *Perseus* among the errata. Now we cannot believe the printer had anything to do with it, neither do we believe that Dr. Vaughan seriously thought that *Pertinax* was King of Macedonia. It is simply that Dr. Vaughan had got the two names running in his head; both began with *Per*; it was a chance which came out first, and the wrong one happened to come. Dr. Vaughan did not, like an accurate man, feel the mistake as soon as he had made it; he did feel it as soon as it was pointed out to him; only he rather unfairly tried to throw the blame on the innocent printer.

As the general habit of accuracy runs through everything, so the particular habit of literary accuracy runs through every branch of composition, and affects every detail. Take Lord Macaulay, for instance. The graver faults with which he is charged, of exaggeration, omission, and the like, do not bear on our present subject; they are, at all events, not the result of carelessness, or muddle-headedness. In point of composition, Lord Macaulay was one of the most accurate of writers. Every sentence is grammatically perfect; every word is used in its strict and exact sense; every place, person, name, title is accurately described. The writer's care extends itself even to matters which most people leave to the printer's devil; the punctuation, the spelling, the use of a capital or a small letter, are all done according to a principle. There is nothing slovenly or careless; no foreign words, no foreign idioms, no foreign spelling, no barbarisms like "the Count d'Avaux," the "Duc de Beaufort," and such like gems of the *Court Circular*; every sentence, every word, every letter is good and accurate English. But there is no reason to suppose that Lord Macaulay's perfect accuracy involved greater labour or effort than the most slovenly and ungrammatical style. When the habit of accuracy was once acquired, it was no doubt perfectly easy to him to write accurately, and indeed the difficulty would have lain the other way. Take, again, another great historian. Bishop Thirlwall, with none of Lord Macaulay's brilliancy, is almost as accurate in mere composition; and in accuracy of detail as to facts, references, everything, in short, he comes nearer to infallibility than any other man. One may not always accept his conclusions, or rather, sometimes his want of conclusions, but that is not a question of accuracy. Bishop Thirlwall, if not always right, is at least never wrong; it would probably be impossible to find eight slips of the very smallest kind in the course of his eight volumes. Mr. Grote, on the other hand, with far more of original genius, as he has not the same unerring and impartial judgment, has not the same unerring accuracy of detail. The reader of both will probably learn more from Mr. Grote on the whole; but by Mr. Grote he may often be led astray on particular points—by Bishop Thirlwall never. Take, again, a fourth—one of the most illustrious of living writers. Dean Milman is inferior to no man in extent of reading, in soundness of judgment, in the truthfulness of his general pictures, and in the clear and vigorous effect of his style. But in detail he is constantly inaccurate. His sentences are continually confused and ungrammatical, and he is full of slips as to names, persons, titles, and so forth. Thus, we remember, without turning to the book, his suggesting that a man, in the sixth or seventh century, called Delphinus, may have been so called as being a native of Dauphiny; and, in another place, he mixes together Richard I., King of England, and his nephew, Richard, King of the Romans. This is simple inaccuracy—a moment's thought would have hindered the mistake. But in truth, as the world goes, inaccuracy is the rule—accuracy is the exception. We expect inaccuracy, and only complain when we get nothing else. As things go, Dean Milman's merits purchase him a sort of right to be inaccurate now and then if he pleases.

We will take a sudden and yet not an unnatural leap from literary accuracy and inaccuracy to accuracy and inaccuracy in a small point of practical life. But it exactly illustrates the general principle. We should like to know the exact proportion of mankind who take the trouble to address and post their letters accurately. People will address their letters to wrong post-towns, or no post-towns at all. They will put in counties (sometimes wrong counties), when they are specially asked not to put any. They will leave them out when they are necessary to distinguish two towns of the same name. In the case of London letters they will put anything rather than the initials of the district; a suburban address will end with "Surrey," "Middlesex," "Essex," anything but S.W. or N.E.—to say nothing of the famous letter immortalized in the *Postal Guide*, which was directed to *Belgravia* and went to *Belgrade*. Then, again, people will post their letters at wrong times, and wonder that they do not go right; they will wax indignant if they do not receive answers on the second day from places which their letters only reach on that day; they will give a stranger a wrong Christian name, a wrong surname, and a wrong title, and feel injured at their letter being returned through the Dead Letter Office. These are just the sort of people who, if they took to writing history, would jumble together *Pertinax* and *Perseus*.

One word more for the benefit of one very important class. How is it that so many of the clergy cannot, or will not, read accurately what they find in their prayer-books? We are not talking of ceremonial questions, which may involve conscience

one way or the other, but simply of reading what is printed in the book. Surely, it is as easy to say, "Here endeth the First Lesson," as to say, "Thus endeth the First Lesson," especially when the form in the book is sense and the form which people substitute for it is nonsense. The object of the announcement is not to call attention to the way in which the First Lesson ends, but simply to the fact that it is ended. Then hardly one clergyman in ten can give out a lesson properly when the lesson does not coincide with a chapter. A simple and rational form is given, but every sort of nonsense is substituted for it. "Here beginneth part of such a chapter," "Here beginneth such a chapter from such a verse," or "to such a verse," as it may be—or sometimes, more grandiloquently, "The First Lesson appointed for this morning service" is so and so. In a more solemn matter, a large proportion of the clergy read the first petition of the Litany as if the Latin were "Pater Deus Cælorum," instead of "Pater de Cœlis Deus;" and some go the length of pronouncing its last words as if "miserable sinners" were the vocative case—a form of idolatry worse than the invocation of saints. Then, men who we suppose have learned the Greek alphabet help us to such horrible sounds as *Timotheüs*, sometimes giving us *Nerëüs* by way of compensation; and a certain Urbanus, whose name the translator happened to write Urbane, is universally turned into a woman, just as Mr. W. C. Hazlitt turned Alexios and Manuel Comnenus. But, once within the walls of the sanctuary, examples press so thick upon us that we have nothing to do but to draw in. To all—writers of histories, painters of pictures, posters of letters, and ministers of Divine service—we would only say, Be accurate, and as a means thereto, think before you speak, write, act, or even announce the conclusion of the First Lesson.

CAPE WRATH AND ITS OLD ROCKS.

THAT bold and blunt promontory which marks the extreme northern limits of the western coast of Scotland will henceforth form a beacon for the geologist, as it has heretofore for the tempest-tossed mariner. Oft in bygone days has the hardy Norseman steered his bark athwart the Cape of Wrath, and gliding under its cliffs, furling his sail in one of the bays or loughs which indent the coast. The old name, "Rath," modernized into "Wrath," is of Scandinavian origin; and these bold pirates had made many a successful descent and planted many a colony on the northern isles and coast of Scotland long before their countrymen under William of Normandy landed on the southern shores of England and gained the battle of Hastings. MacCulloch, in his *Travels*, gives a graphic picture of this headland. Southward of the Cape, lofty cliffs of red sandstone line the shore, and on their horizontal ledges armies of auks and puffins range themselves, their white plumage showing against the sandstone like banks of daisies or flakes of snow. Farther to the north, the sandstone gives place to gneiss with granite veins; and a material better suited to resist the impetuous attacks of the ocean on this salient point nature could scarcely have selected. Broken into spiry and pinnacled masses, around whose bases the white foam ever surges and chafes, the gneiss rock presents a rugged and serried front to the breakers; while Cape Wrath itself, the extreme point of land, stands boldly out into the waves, and raises its noble brow to a height of 400 feet.

Cape Wrath bears the whole brunt of the North Atlantic when its breakers are impelled by the prevalent north-west winds, and dash themselves with impetuous fury at the base of its rugged cliffs. It is one of the few points along the western coast of Britain which lie unprotected from the attacks of its restless foe. While the Hebrides form a breakwater for the western coast of Scotland, and Ireland is interposed as a barrier to England and Wales, the Atlantic stretches in one uninterrupted expanse from Cape Wrath to Iceland and Greenland, and the majestic wave pursues its course without an obstacle till it breaks with a force capable of propelling masses of rock several tons in weight against the schistose crags of this part of the coast. Inland from the coast, the land rises into stern and lofty mountain ranges, generally presenting their steepest flanks to the westward—those flanks against which at a period pre-historic indeed, but geologically very recent, the Atlantic chafed and foamed, while many an iceberg was stranded against them, or grated heavily over what was then the bed of the sea, but now dry land. Yet more, the mountains themselves were clad in perennial snows, and glaciers descended into the sea, giving birth to bergs of ice. The proofs of this are abundant. The surface of the rocks of the lower ground are ice-worn and grooved, while erratic boulders scattered over the country are conspicuous monuments of an era which may be called the "iron age" of geologic history. The mountains of Sutherlandshire attain considerable altitudes. Ben Spoinne (or Spuinne) rises 2565 feet above the sea; Ben Hope, 3040; Ben Stack, 2363; and Ben More Assynt rears its huge, rugged back to an elevation of 3231 feet, according to one authority, and 3235 according to another.

The difficulties of prosecuting geological investigations in this land of cloud and storm are not inconsiderable. During a great part of the year the mists envelope the higher elevations, or descend, and involve the whole region in gloom. Pelting rains, driving from the north-west, drench the traveller, and render it impossible to sketch, make observations, or take notes of the phenomena which surround him. Added to this, there is little accommodation for man or beast; and the most enthusiastic

geologist is fain to push onward to more hospitable climes.* To these circumstances it is in some measure owing that the true age and stratigraphical succession of the rocks of this part of the Highlands have, down to the present time, been, not only undetermined, but actually mistaken. Whether the mountain fogs are altogether chargeable with the error, we will not undertake to determine; but all the geologists who visited this coast, from Dr. MacCulloch, who sketched its granitic veins, down to those who may have wandered there in 1857, failed to discover that its rocks are much more ancient than those of the rest of Scotland, and as old as any yet discovered on the face of the globe.

We can recal the time when the Silurian slates and limestones of Wales, with their peculiar marine forms of life, were considered as the very Roman period of British geological history; but no sooner had our minds sought repose in the contemplation of a period so far remote, than we were startled by the announcement of a still more ancient system of rocks which, in the west and north of Cambria, the Cambridge Professor had traced through several thousands of feet without finding a bottom. So ancient are these Cambrian rocks, that as we examine them downwards the evidences of marine life dwindle to a few insignificant zoophytes, and years of research have failed to disclose any organism of a higher grade than the *Oldhamia antiqua*.† In these purple slates, sandstones and conglomerates, we seemed to have reached the *æozoic* period of the earth's infancy, if, indeed, such a period can be supposed to have existed; and the question was often discussed—how far downwards still do these old rocks extend, and on what do they repose? In the discovery of fragments of quartz, slate, and several other kinds of rock in these Cambrian sandstones, Professor Ramsay was led to infer the existence of land still more ancient—perhaps a continent which occupied the present bed of the Atlantic, composed of materials similar to those of the British highlands themselves. Meanwhile an English geologist, the pioneer of science and civilization amongst the backwoods and lakes of Canada, had actually lighted upon, not exactly the pre-Cambrian continent, but a tract of its contemporaneous sea-bed. The continent whose existence a modern Columbus had demonstrated was doubtless not far remote, but little did we Britons imagine that it lay near our own shores.

The name of Sir William Logan will descend to posterity as the discoverer of the most ancient formation as yet known on the face of the globe. Using the prerogative of a discoverer, he has given the title of "Laurentian System" to a series of metamorphic rocks—composed of gneiss, with bands of marble, and of a greater thickness than 10,000 feet—which he found underlying the "Potsdam Sandstone" on the banks of Lake Huron. These schistose rocks are highly contorted—and, upon their up-tilted edges the Potsdam sandstone reposes in nearly horizontal beds. Now this sandstone is the American representative of the Cambrian rocks of Britain. We have reached its base, indeed, but only to find ourselves as hopelessly removed from that "beginning" in which we believe on the highest authority. The farther we descend the abyss of time, the more remote seems the bottom, and we renounce the attempt to plumb its depths.

To discover the Laurentian Rocks in Britain, to revolutionize our preconceived opinions regarding the geological structure of the Scottish Highlands, to open out a new and more ancient chapter in British Geology, was a golden opportunity for some young geologist to win his spurs—such an opportunity as is, alas, daily becoming more rare. In the earlier days of the science, the great men who have laid its foundations had before them a new and wide-spread field, and it only required that which they possessed—strength of limb, massive mental calibre, indomitable energy, crowned by a warm love of nature, to insure grand results. The geology of our day is a science of details, invaluable, indeed, but deprived of that freshness which rendered the first glimpses of its truths so captivating to the imagination. The discovery of the Laurentian Rocks would have made a name for any man, but the old knight who made Siluria his own has stepped forward and grasped the *spolia opima*.

If we cast our eyes over any geological map of Scotland, confining our attention to that portion lying north and west of the Caledonian Canal, the arrangement of the mineral masses will be found marked somewhat as follows:—The mountain chain stretching from the Sound of Mull to the north coast is shown to consist of slaty rocks—such as gneiss, mica slate, chlorite slate, and clay slate. Skirting the coast, and lying at the eastern base of this mountain range, the old red sandstone forms a belt stretching from the Moray Firth to the Orkneys. Crossing the mountain range towards the western coast, we again find a band of red sandstone and conglomerate, reposing on gneissose rocks; also coloured old red sandstone, as if they formed a littoral zone of the same age as the red sandstones and conglomerates of the Eastern coast. It is the age of this red sandstone, with its subordinate gneiss, and their position with reference to the meta-

morphic slates of the central mountain range, which has been misapprehended by all geologists from the days of MacCulloch down to the year 1857. Hugh Miller, the poet of the Old Red Sandstone of the Eastern coast, had, doubtless, contemplated these red sandstones and conglomerates of the opposite seaboard, and called them his own. Little blame to him, for the same sections had deceived observers of greater experience in disentangling and arranging the rocks of mountainous tracts. Indeed, there is reason to believe that the visit of the future expounder of the true relations of these rock-masses was not the first he had paid to this region.

An examination of some remarkable fossils, discovered by Mr. Peach, an officer of the Coast Guard, extracted from the limestone of Durness, led Sir R. Murchison to suspect that "there was something rotten in the state of Denmark"—that the strata in which they had been found imbedded was of older date than had previously been supposed. The analogy of these fossils with similar forms from the Lower Silurian rocks of North America was pointed out by Mr. Salter, and has led to the belief that the Lower Silurian fauna of Scotland and America are more closely allied than that of the same periods in Wales and Scotland—a most startling and unexpected result. Impressed with the belief that something yet remained to be found out along the western seaboard, Sir R. Murchison passed a portion of the summer of 1858 in revisiting this scene of his earlier labours, and with this result—that he has succeeded in establishing the existence of a succession of rocks referable to the Laurentian, Cambrian, and Lower Silurian formations, over the region lying to the north-west of the Caledonian Canal.

It is not our intention to enter upon a detailed account of those various rocks. Referring the reader to the original memoirs,* we shall present merely a rapid sketch of the series in ascending order—that order which nature herself has adopted. The oldest and fundamental rock is the Laurentian gneiss, forming the greater part of the coast from Cape Wrath to Loch Inver, and nearly the whole of the Island of Lewis. This gneiss is intensely crystalline, and traversed by veins and dykes of granite. Though highly contorted, its horizontal trend, or *strike*, is from south-east to north-west—a direction transverse to that of all the formations of more recent age which compose the Scottish Highlands. Resting in nearly horizontal beds—on the up-turned edges of this old gneiss—the red sandstone and conglomerate of the Cambrian period next succeeds. Its base is a conglomerate of gneissose pebbles—and the relations of this formation to the Laurentian gneiss appear to have been those of a shingle-beach accumulating over and around the coast of a land surface which had been elevated from beneath the ocean. A great break in time is marked by the junction of the gneiss and conglomerate, for the discordance is as complete as it is possible to conceive between formations removed from each other by thousands of feet of interposed strata.

Between the Cambrian Sandstone and the basement beds of the Lower Silurian strata there is another break—a mark of great physical changes in the bed of the sea between the close of the one period and the commencement of the other. Nevertheless, in North Wales these two formations pass into each other by an apparently uninterrupted sequence; and with the horizon of the Lingula flags the first traces of Mollusca appear. While the bed of the sea slowly subsided over the region of Wales, that of Scotland—or at least its northern part—was subjected to mighty elevatory movements, and the denudation of a vast amount of its mass, to such an extent that the quartz rocks of the Lower Silurian age repose on the upturned and eroded ends of the beds. These Old Sandstones assume many noble and striking features along the mountain ranges which border the coast. As Sir R. Murchison remarks, "they nowhere advance more than a few miles eastward into the interior of the mainland, but they form the mountain of Quenaig in Assynt, particularly along the fine escarpment between its summit and the Kyle of Strom, where they repose in striking unconformability upon the old gneiss, and are covered, also unconformably, by the quartz rock of the Lower Silurian age."

A vast series of strata now succeed, following each other without any of those breaks and discordances which are observable in the relations of the more ancient rocks; while they also differ in producing unmistakable evidences of marine life. The lowest beds consist of quartz rock, with *Annelides*; this is succeeded by crystalline limestone, this again by a second band of quartz and limestone, with *Mollusca*. They all dip under a series of gneissic and micaceous flagstones and slates, of great but unknown thickness. The whole of these are probably referable to the Lower Silurian period. All these rocks are highly metamorphosed. The quartz rocks were sandstones; the gneiss and mica slates and crystalline limestones have undergone great alterations, under the influence of internal heat; but the old Cambrian sandstone which lies at the base of them all is apparently unchanged. No explanation has yet been offered of a phenomenon so remarkable.

The conclusions arrived at by Sir R. Murchison have not been allowed to pass unquestioned. On the contrary, more than one opponent has arisen to defend the old doctrines. The views of Sir Roderick, however, stand not only upon his own testimony, but on that of several most competent witnesses who have recently visited the same scenes. They are harmonious in them-

* Dr. MacCulloch states, as the result of his experience in 1824, that "to traverse Sutherlandshire in any direction is to undergo hunger and fatigue, rain and wind, and bog, and misery, and disappointment." Great improvement has, however, taken place since his day, and especially through the energy of the present noble proprietor of the district.

† If we except some remarkable, but rather unintelligible markings and forms, found by Mr. Salter amongst the Cambrian slates of the Longmynd mountain in North Wales.

* *Journal of the Geological Society of London*. Vols. xv. and xvi., with Coloured Maps and Sections.

selves, and they stand upon the evidence of a large and closely-examined array of vertical sections which nature has opened up on the flanks of her mountains, the sides of her ravines, and the cliffs of her sea-coasts.

THEATRICAL COMMONPLACES.

UNDER ordinary circumstances, we should no more look to a modern comedy for a social proposition worthy of an hour's sojourn in the memory than for an explanation of the comet that a few weeks ago so unhandsonely astonished the scientific world. However, even pearls may be found in unlikely places, and we can fairly record that, in a new comedy by Mr. Edmund Falconer, now acted at the Lyceum, a morsel of sound doctrine is propounded which is worthy of meditation. After four acts, mainly occupied with the inculcation of the most unquestionable ethical truths, the author seems to have awakened to the suspicion that much of the discourse uttered by his virtuous personages might possibly be called "twaddle." Now, when the writer of fiction expects an adversary in the actual world, he will do well to anticipate his attacks by putting the opinions he is likely to advance into the mouth of an imaginary personage, who may be demolished with all facility. There is nothing Quixotic in this proceeding. A real giant is looming in the distance, but, as he sees the windmill successfully attacked, he wisely avoids the contest. This line of policy has been most successfully adopted by Mr. Falconer. The least estimable personage in the play takes upon himself the utterance of the opinions that may be entertained by those who dislike moral commonplaces. You may teach people to think of nothing but money, or to do without it, or to cheat their creditors, or to commit any sort of peccadillo, and you will receive applause; but if you tell people to be good, you will be voted a bore. To this effect speaks the worldly-wise man of the piece, who is meant to be in the wrong. His views are at once opposed by an old gentleman who is intended for a model of probity, and who remarks that moral commonplaces, however often repeated, are not only liked by the bulk of mankind, but constitute the stock of practical wisdom by which the multitude is governed. This theory is advanced just in the right place, is couched in the most lucid terms, and is the happiest defence of the play itself against the objections of those men of the world among the audience who have grown weary of contemplating an elaborate copy of actual life which is so singularly unlike the original. They are desired to reflect that there may, after all, be a point of view which, though not theirs, is that of a body far surpassing them in number; and that such is the case is amply proved by the manifest delight with which Mr. Falconer's comedy has been witnessed by a crowded audience, and the special approbation which has been bestowed upon his enunciation of moral truths.

The plaudits of a theatrical public, when they denote not merely the admiration of talent, but the approval of sentiments, may be taken as a very fair index of the moral theory entertained by a people. "Man," says Schiller, "is never so much in earnest as when he plays," and the reason is obvious. While we are engaged in our particular business, we are exposed to the influence of a thousand selfish considerations, which may or may not harmonize with our broad principles of right; but when, as readers of a novel or spectators at a play, we are witnesses of a series of events which cannot possibly affect our private interests, our notions of right and wrong will be manifested in a state of the utmost purity. The astute-looking man in the pit, who bursts out into such rapturous applause on hearing some trite maxim in favour of common honesty, may be even more in the habit of outwitting his neighbour than the supercilious exquisite who wonders that such twaddle can produce a sensation. But at all events we may rest assured that his moral theory is sound, however he may fail in reducing it to practice. This position is well illustrated by M. Eugène Sue in one of the few harmless chapters of *Les Mystères de Paris*. A number of thieves and murderers, assembled together in prison, are amused with a tale in which retributive justice is severely administered. They listen with breathless attention till they come to the catastrophe, and though they are all criminals themselves, they give vent to a murmur of satisfaction when they find that innocence is rescued and wickedness punished.

The personages in the new play who represent Mr. Falconer's ethical views are a young Irish lady and her uncle, who are as similar as possible to each other in the habit of speaking their minds freely, regardless of those restraints which are usually imposed on the conversation of civilized beings. The lady has been married to an ardent lover, under circumstances which will remind everybody of the Yelverton case, and, discovering the illegality of the union as soon as she has left the altar, flies from her home to avoid the miseries of an equivocal position. Her lover, who meant to act in perfectly good faith, is at first driven to distraction by her flight, and for a short time busies himself in endeavouring to discover the place of her retreat; but three years (which elapse between two of the acts) prove more than sufficient to heal his wound, and he begins to reflect that he is well quit of a match which, after all, would have been little better than a *mésalliance*. The lady, who in the meanwhile has become a wealthy heiress, and has found her lover at the house of a relative, accidentally becomes acquainted with the change in his sentiments, and resolves to commence her work of conquest anew. Her name and position being really changed, a black

wig suffices to destroy her identity with the rustic girl of Western Ireland, and she appears to the fickle swain as an entirely new person. Her victory is rapid and complete. She drives a rival with contumely from the field, wins the heart of the wanderer, and holds it so fast, that even when the wig is gone, the treasure is still secure.

Now, it is to the manner in which this character is "written up" that the success of the piece is to be attributed. Geraldine, as she is called, is a capital stage personage, pre-eminently fitted to delight that large class which accepts as truthful any picture of life that is presented in a playhouse. She is ardent in love as an *Héloïse*; she is a "good hater," worthy in that respect of the admiration of Dr. Johnson; she can roll off a moral speech or a passionate avowal in style most grandiloquent; she is mistress of a species of repartee that renders her certain of victory in every verbal contest. Terrible, indeed, is her strength when she sits in a drawing-room surrounded by the doomed representatives of frivolity and convention. Without distinction of sex these are slaughtered by her ever-potent tongue, and woe to the luckless wretch who attempts to soften her by a compliment, for a withering insult is his only reward. How would a French dramatist, whose unmarried young ladies are either nonentities or amiable idiots, stare to behold Geraldine wielding wit and wisdom with an audacity to which even a *jeune veuve* would not aspire?

Mrs. Charles Young, to whom this important character is assigned, plays it with all the force that is required, and so distinct is her articulation that not a word escapes the ear of the audience. And truly refreshing is it to watch the delight with which the sharp repartees of this lady and the blunt remarks of her uncle are listened to by attentive masses. What does it matter to three-fourths of the pit, that Geraldine is conducting herself in a manner which the laws of refined society would render simply impossible? Of those laws they know little, and that little they are not inclined to respect. They are vaguely aware that, according to a certain conventional code, their own manners would be considered vulgar by an exclusive set of people, whom they probably call "swells," and to expect them to reverence this code, which seems expressly framed to humiliate them, and does not rest upon any obvious moral principle, would be to exact too much from human nature. If in real drawing-rooms "swells" and "puppies" are not to be put down with impunity, so much greater is the need for an artificial drawing-room where, on payment of a shilling or two, people may see rude honesty trampling under foot the fetters of convention. The street-passengers of a Christian London look on with approval when the arch enemy of mankind falls beneath the cudgel of Punch, but the humane captain of the slaver who had the drama performed for the amusement of his negroes took care that Satan should be victorious, in compliment to the sable hue.

On the whole, we are disposed to regard the evident satisfaction with which Mr. Falconer's moral tuition is received as an index of a healthy state of feeling among the middle classes. They evidently like to be told that there is such a motive as disinterested love, and that this motive may be worthily allowed to prevail against mere mundane considerations—that men are to be measured by their intrinsic goodness more than by their conformity to the laws of fashion—that plain truth is superior to falsehood—that a contract made in good faith will be binding upon an honourable man, even though it prove to be invalidated by some legal flaw. Nothing can be more trite than these propositions, or less replete with instruction to the more thoughtful of mankind. But the acknowledgment of their soundness by a multitude of people who are mainly concerned in getting a livelihood, and who have no time to waste on moral theories, shows that the broad maxims which render virtue possible are still respected. The man who is aware that parallel lines will never meet is not on that account a great geometrician, but, nevertheless, he is right as far as he goes. So, when we turn from a play like *Les Effrontés*, in which the moral rectitude of living with another man's wife is evidently assumed as a commonplace that will pass without question, to Mr. Falconer's *Woman, or Love against the World*, and the audience who applaud it, we are inclined to thank our stars that the people of London are not as the people of Paris. A commonplace on the side of virtue is better than a commonplace on the side of vice; and a man who is struck with admiration at hearing that "Honesty is the best policy" is in a more hopeful condition than one who is charmed with the information that *La propriété c'est le vol*.

REVIEWS.

IRISH HISTORY AND IRISH CHARACTER.*

THE history of Ireland is a very melancholy one; but it is also a very encouraging one. For it is an instance—and the only instance that has hitherto been known—of an inveterate quarrel between the dominant part of an empire and a dependency, so bitter, so long, and apparently so hopeless, being healed at last. And—what is even more important as a political lesson—the quarrel has not been closed from the pressure of superior strength, or from the unforeseen working of fortunate or deplorable accident, but it has visibly yielded to the calculated and

* *Irish History and Irish Character*. By Goldwin Smith. Oxford and London: J. H. and J. Parker. 1861.

intended influences of justice, generosity, and good sense. The quarrel between England and Ireland was more cruel, more exasperated by great wrongs on either side, more difficult to adjust, than the quarrel between Austria and Lombardy, or between Austria and Hungary; and it was one of much longer standing. The contrasts of character and of moral standard, the scorn and mutual hatred, the distrust, and the shrinking from amalgamation and equality, were not greater between Turks and Greeks, or Russians and Poles; and in the longest instance they had not continued half the time. There was everything present which makes a quarrel last—opposition of religion, race, temperament, customs, manners, ideas of property. There was difference in civilization and wealth, inequality of strength, great but not great enough to be decisive, and all that tempts one side to trust to force alone, and tempts the other not to give up resistance. The generation which now manages public affairs saw this quarrel, if not at its fiercest and bloodiest, at least in as threatening and difficult a stage as it ever reached in its long history. And it sees it now laid to rest—the causes of discord, if not entirely taken away, at least so greatly lessened and mitigated as to make Ireland scarcely more difficult to govern than Yorkshire, and the two kingdoms showing little more trace of their old alienation and hatreds than if they had been united since the Conquest. And this great reconciliation has been effected, late in time—perhaps at the last moment—simply by being just, and by making the prejudices of centuries in favour of repression give way to that most trying but most safe venture, the venture of acknowledging other men's rights, when they are rights, against ourselves.

The history of this long quarrel has been sketched rapidly, but in a masterly way, by Mr. Goldwin Smith. The special feature of his essay is the attempt to treat the subject in a large spirit of justice. It is hard to exaggerate the calamities and the misgovernment of Ireland; and as each party held the other responsible for the evils which both but too clearly saw, the accusations on each side have been bitter and unmeasured. And, in truth, on each side have been great crimes; but besides these great crimes there have been, beyond the control of either, great misfortunes. Mr. Goldwin Smith does not disguise or extenuate the crimes of Irish history; but he asks that a fair account may be taken of the misfortunes which none could help. And he insists on these misfortunes—misfortunes to the governing race quite as much as to the subject one—not in order to make them an excuse for wrong or cruelty, but to show the part they had in the creation of that calamitous and evil state of things which the passions of both parties set down exclusively to deliberate wickedness. He aims at showing that it is not necessary to assume against the Irish people an inherent viciousness or unfitness for association with a civilized Empire and with Christian fellow-citizens; nor against the English people a selfish and insidious policy of degradation and ruin, in order to account for the failures and shame of Irish history. A just review of it will show how much general causes, acting indirectly, or modified in their effect on Ireland according to its peculiar circumstances, baffled the efforts of the good, and multiplied the power of the bad—took away checks on mischief which were powerful elsewhere, and left a sting and poison in political errors and their remedies which more fortunate nations escaped or outlived. He invites those who write a history of Ireland to regard it from a higher and more comprehensive point of view than those who have dwelt, with truth, but with only partial truth, on English or Irish wrongs; to "cultivate the charities of history;" and fairly to distinguish, on one side and on the other, what was inevitable from what was under man's control—what were the general tendencies and habits of the time, from what were the characteristic acts of men, and parties, and Courts.

An Englishman reads with perfect equanimity the boastful inscriptions, which at Falaise and the mouth of the Dives, record the Conquest of England by the Normans. An Irishman thinks, or used to think a short time ago, of their conquest of Ireland, which he whimsically miscalls the Saxon conquest, with feelings of irritation. The different character of the conquest lies at the foundation of the futures of the two countries, and of the singularly different feelings with which it is regarded in each. A conquest of race by race, in both instances, and in both productive of cruel distress, it was complete in England, and conquerors and conquered blended into one nation, in which the conquerors were simply the best blood and the acknowledged leaders. In Ireland, the case was different. The broad sea limited the numbers and the communications of the conquerors; and the land was wide. Their conquest was partial and their occupancy confined to a few towns and a strip of coast. The men who in England welded together the English nation were too far off, and had too many other things to do, to exert their influence successfully in Ireland. The Normans found, too, as Mr. Goldwin Smith points out, the native Irish at a much earlier and more primitive stage of civilization than the Anglo-Saxons of England. Modern ideas of law and property were already firmly fixed in England, while in Ireland the idea of the sept, with its half savage notions of family and property, was still dominant. There was too great an interval, moral and local, between Norman and Irish. The conquerors kept their ground, and on their own ground exhibited the fragmentary image of English feudalism; but it was a coarse and poor image, with much mischief for the present and no promise for the future,

without the king at the head of it, cut off from the fellowship of the main body, and unfitted to lay the foundations of law and political order, as it did in England. It laid, instead, the foundation of the "fatal system of ascendancy"—a system, under which "the dominant party were paid for their services in keeping down rebels by a monopoly of power and emolument, and thereby strongly tempted to take care that there should always be rebels to keep down." The English "Pale," a hostile settlement, kept up the contrast of a superior and an inferior race; and the superior race, while it retained its pride and selfishness, learned in addition the seductive vices of the inferior one, and was half dragged down to its lower level of civilization.

In this partial character of the Norman conquest, Mr. Goldwin Smith sees the original source of the calamities of Ireland—calamities in which England had her full share. But, as he points out, it "was an accident of history, for which the descendants of the two races are as little responsible as they are for the accident of geology." It was, as far as we can see, inevitable that Ireland should follow England in falling to the Norman conquerors; it was unfortunately inevitable also that the conquest should be made under entirely different conditions. "We do not," as he says, "take its criminality from injustice, nor its sting from suffering, when we show that any particular event is part of a more general movement of history; but we transfer the subject to a calmer region of discussion, and disarm special resentment, at least in reasonable minds." In this spirit he goes on to point out how, given this fixed and fatal condition of the two races, both became the victims—often, even in their most terrible excesses, much more to be pitied than condemned—of the great movements of European change. The wars of religion which followed the Reformation, those between liberty and absolutism which followed in the days of the Stuarts and Louis XIV., and the democratic wars of the French Revolution, found Ireland but too well predisposed to feel and yield to their impulse. Religion and land have been in recent times the great sources of difficulty in Ireland; and in both we may trace the working of the great original misfortune, the circumstances which kept asunder and opposed the sympathies and ideas of the two races. Speaking of the changes of religion at the Reformation, Mr. Goldwin Smith notices that—

The Church of the Pale, which was originally Roman, had from the course of political events become Protestant, though it remained the Church of the Pale; the Church of the people, originally not Roman, became of all the nations of Europe the most devoted to Rome, though it remained the Church of the people. Thus the determining force in Irish history has been race rather than religion. The difference of religion has been decided, and even inverted, by circumstances connected with difference of race.

So with respect to land. The Irish peasant is complained of as having very dim ideas about the rights of property and of the landlord. But the Irish race had hardly reached beyond the primitive notions of "Sept" or "tribal" land, when its progress was arrested by the system of Ascendancy. The conquerors, who could not subdue the country at once and out of hand, tried to supply what they had left undone at first, by making rebellion and civil war pretexts for vast and systematic confiscations. On people not civilized enough to take in English ideas of right and tenure, descended, in the name of law and justice, the disturbers of their ancient possessions. The old race was disinherited not merely by violence, but by the arts of legal adventurers, whose business it was to discover flaws in titles. After a quarrel, every one confiscated. Mary confiscated, Elizabeth confiscated, the Stuarts confiscated, Cromwell confiscated, James II. confiscated, William III. confiscated. Thus their own ideas about land were rudely and recklessly violated among the Irish, and they saw no greater justice or permanence secured by a law which was not their own. The struggle for land has been the cause of the greatest disasters throughout the course of Irish history. This has to be borne in mind when we make our comments on Irish agrarianism, and Irish want of respect for the law—

It cannot be assumed [says Mr. Goldwin Smith] that the separate ownership of land, and all its attendant legal relations and obligations, are articles of natural morality, innate in every human breast; and that an imperfect reverence for them must be everywhere a mark of depravity, and everywhere provoke the just vengeance of the law. They are, on the contrary, improvements gradually introduced as society emerges from the primitive state. They are natural to man in the sense of being good for him; but they are unnatural to man in the sense of being among the most simple and rudimentary ideas of the human mind. They require to be commended to his respect and affection by long experience of their beneficial effects. Have their beneficial effects been long experienced by the Irish peasant? Has property in land, according to the English system, presented itself to him in the course of his history in the form of security, independence, domestic happiness, dignity, and hope? Has it not rather presented itself to him in the form of insecurity, degradation, and despair? We have seen how much the law, and the ministers of the law, have done to deserve the peasant's love. We have seen, too, in what successive guises property had presented itself to his mind; first, as open rapine, then as robbery carried on through the roguish technicalities of an alien code; finally, a legalized and systematic oppression. Was it possible that he should have formed so affectionate a reverence either for law or property as would be proof against the pressure of starvation?

We have spoken only of the moral of Mr. Goldwin Smith's Essay. But in his pages this moral is embodied and enforced by a survey, brief but vigorous and instructive, of the leading events and characters of Irish history. He tells a tale which may move both indignation and tears; yet, as he tells it with stern equity to the strong, and with generous and compassionate allowances for what the strong condemn without mercy in the weak, he keeps before our thoughts the remembrance of that

inherited network of inextricable difficulties in which both are equally entangled, and which imposes measure, if not silence, on indignation, and almost on regrets. He tells it, also, so as to silence the false one-sidedness of the fanatics of both sides; and if he is unrelenting in holding up to infamy the devisers of the Penal Code, and the ferocity of the loyal yeomen of 1798, whom Lord Cornwallis vainly tried to restrain from "putting any person whom they thought a rebel to death," he will not allow the Roman Catholics to forget that what they suffered, to the lasting shame of their English masters, in Ireland, is, after all, but little compared with what they inflicted in countries where the power to persecute was theirs. But he is more intent on the "charity of history" than even its justice. He conciliates, not only our interest, but our respect for the noble qualities, and yet nobler promise of the Irish people—qualities and promise more often lightly prized and lightly talked of than fairly estimated. The serious and hopeful verdict of so severe an inquirer, may place a check on inconsiderate and prejudiced judgments about them. And one who is so little inclined to spare the crimes committed in the name and supposed interest of the English people, may be listened to when he bids Irishmen who dwell on the injustice of the past remember that their old wrongs had deeper and more complicated causes than anything that could be laid to the account of England:—

Many of the actors in these miserable events merited personal infamy which no reference to general causes can remove. The governors of Ireland who treated the natives with inhumanity while they were humanely treated by contemporary governors, such as Sir John Perrot; the vile adventurers who plied their trade of confiscation under the Stuarts; the members of Parliament and prelates who were active in framing the Penal Code; the Irish gentlemen and yeomen who tortured and butchered in 1798, cannot be saved by any philosophy of history from everlasting shame. But if the question is between the Irish and the English people, there is no part of all this which may not be numbered with the general calamities of Europe during the last two centuries, and, with the rest of those calamities, buried in oblivion.

LIFE OF JOHN ANGELL JAMES.*

THIS is a liberal age. Those who have lived in it long enough have witnessed many opposites brought together, and many causes of separation done away. But one distinction remains, strange to say, as sharp as ever, in spite of innumerable influences deliberately and accidentally brought to bear upon it. The old social barrier between Church and Dissent stands, as far as we can see, firm and unshaken. Low Churchmen court Dissenting ministers, disown all difference of feeling or position, call them dear brothers in pulpits and on platforms—meet, too, on solemn stated occasions affecting to be social intercourse—but, practically, nothing comes of it. Their families stand aloof. The vicar patronizes the Baptist minister, who, in his turn, compliments the churchman; but the vicar's wife has no friendship with the minister's "partner." Her daughters never flirt with his sons, or form intimacies with his girls. If accident or public duty bring them together for an hour or two, the effect is only to make all sides realize an uncongenial element, and to render them more shy of each other for the future. And as it is with the pastors, so with their congregations. The layman knows no more of the social inner life of the Dissenting minister than he ever did. How, and when, if ever, he unbends from that peculiar guarded sectarian precision which marks person and demeanour out of doors, is still a perplexity to him. He cannot help a sense of pity at a life of obscure sacrifice which he cannot understand, simply because it never touches on his experience. People may say that the difference of social standing is the cause of the barrier we have assumed, but this only removes the question a step further. Why does not Dissent rise in social standing? Why do people leave it as they get on in the world? Upon all such points the very candid, and we think able book before us throws a light.

A good many of our readers possibly know very little of Angell James. Nevertheless, his name is a household word, and has been any time these forty years, with an influential portion of the religious world, as one pre-eminent for what they call "pulpit-power," who was the orator of the platform, and whose writings had a circulation which many a world-wide reputation might envy; and his history is here given with a spirit and a sense of the importance of the theme which have their effect upon the general reader. Forsix hundred octavo pages we are made to see things from a Nonconformist point of view. Here neither the biographer nor his subject shows even a moment's sense of depressing obscurity. Angell James does not seem to have been a vain man, but we find him regarding his own "career as the most wonderful thing he had ever known, as he contemplates the standing that has been assigned to him in this extraordinary age;" and of his congregation he can speak as of a "church on which the sun of prosperity shone with unclouded splendour;" and though this sounds to us superlative language, it is probably not more than adequate to the demands of the readers for whom the book is mainly designed, and who are justified in regarding its subject as an honour to their system, and a crowning example of what Dissent may achieve. Not that he had in him the spirit of schism and division, but, finding himself in that religious section, from the time he thought at all, he implicitly received and

made the best of it. Thus he may be accepted as a favourable type of sectarianism. Its influences worked on a good soil; his religion was genuine, zealous, devoted; his practice was in strict conformity to it, and represents in all its main points—in its strictness, in its laboriousness, in its uniform consistency—the Puritan ideal. Yet we must say it gives a view of social life, cold and very far from generous, and accounting for the social isolation we have noted from causes that lie deeper than mere standing and position. The child who starts in life under the impression that all the neighbours, people who live respectably and go to church every Sunday, "are sinners," and "the world"—who hears the term *Christian* even applied as a mark of exclusiveness and separation—stands in a perfectly different relation to society, and learns wholly different lessons from it, from another who regards those around it with a sense of fellowship, as inheritors of the same traditions, as subject to the same influences, as members of one vast community of which it is proud to feel part, sharing the same history, and looking forward to the same future. Religious exclusiveness in childhood—and in a sectarian community consisting mainly of one class this may be carried out without the counteracting influences which will interpose themselves in a national religion—a life of prohibitions where books, society, intercourse, and amusements are hedged round with innumerable prominent obtrusive vetos, has a dwarfing effect on the dawning imagination, on the faculties which impart a tone of poetry to society, and sweeten life, which those who enforce it know little about, and perhaps care less, but which painfully explains a great deal which might otherwise puzzle us.

Angell James's parents, small tradespeople in Dorsetshire, were both Dissenters. His mother, he tells us—we presume in deference to the popular interest in the mothers of great men—was a "good but not a great woman." He himself was sent to a common school, where he manifested so little zeal for learning that when, in after years, a schoolfellow was told he had become an eminent preacher, he exclaimed, "What, *thick-headed* fool! why he was fit for nothing but fighting." But though the future preacher showed no precocious gifts or graces, he had a distinct theory of religion in his mind derived from his mother. We see it in the history of his conversion, and in his natural use of a certain phraseology. What would be cant in others he uses with the simplicity of a native tongue. Low Churchmen who talk in the same way cannot do it as naturally; we see they are conscious of an easier mode of saying the same thing. At the usual age, he was apprenticed to a linen-draper. Shortly afterwards, he became aware of religious impressions and placed himself under the direction of a pious cobbler. We read immediately after of a call to the ministry; and his father, who deserves throughout more tenderness than his son bestows on his memory, sends him to the Nonconformist College at Gosport, where he studied for two years, making such use of its advantages as was compatible with his being put on the "preaching list at seventeen," and being sent out to preach to village congregations.

Mr. James was an eminently consistent character, but he has to confess to certain lapses in this stage of his career. He was a boy, after all, with something of a boy's light-heartedness, struggling against the trammels gathering round him which it was the first business of the system to impose. At sixteen, he had given the cobbler "occasion to grieve over him" by going for an hour or two to an election ball—not that he could dance, but just to see what was going on. He was also "betrayed into another inconsistency by going to see a mimic play, got up by some young men of the town;" but here his conscience so sharply rebuked him, that he rushed out, expecting the beam over his head to crush him. Nor was this all:—

When I had been in Gosport a year, he writes, I was sent out to preach in some of the principal places in the county, such as Southampton, Lymington, Romsey. In the latter place I was guilty of an indiscretion which excited some prejudice against me among the serious people. One of the Deacons, or principal people, gave an entertainment on the majority of his only son and child. A dance was got up, in which I joined, and manifested a degree of levity in other ways. Some of the congregation would not come again to hear me preach. I did wrong, clearly wrong; that is to say, the act was a thoughtless folly, and shows upon what slender threads hang our reputation and usefulness; yet some excuse might have been made for a youth only between eighteen and nineteen years of age.

We believe Roman Catholicism is just as rigid in the suppression of the youthful element in those set apart in boyhood for its ministry. In both cases, this accounts for a certain air and cut, the token of subjection to public opinion, before the individual character has had time to express itself in such a manner. Mr. James has to lament in the students of the college he subsequently visited, "the excess of hilarity and unsanctified levity" with which, in this their last refuge, they were apt to indemnify themselves for restraint elsewhere, and perhaps not without reason, for nature will avenge itself for unnatural restrictions. He himself, having developed a real turn for preaching, is not so much to be pitied. He had more than enough of excitement. The Congregationalists have evidently a taste for boy-preachers. We read of one who owed much of his popularity to "the youthful beauty of his appearance;" and the sensation is no doubt *piquant*, of seeing a boy act his part with precocious gravity, and exhort his elders with confidence, unction, and thunder. Before Angell James was twenty he was sent as a "supply" to Birmingham, or, as it is expressed, to the "Church meeting in Carr's-lane, where he made his *début* with a coolness which he afterwards wondered at, considering the age and gravity of his audience.

* *Life and Letters of John Angell James*. Including an Unfinished Autobiography. By R. W. Dale, M.A., his Colleague and Successor. London: Nisbet.

He so charmed them, however, that in a very short time they pressed him to stay amongst them:—

It was a rather peculiar and striking scene, and a trial of his humility, to see a youth of nineteen surrounded by seven venerable men, who were tendering to him the oversight of their own souls, and that of the Church which they represented.

One of these ancients might be supposed to have placed his head on those young shoulders, to judge by the weight and preternatural gravity of manner with which these offers are acceded to, both *visu voce* and by epistle. It is altogether a new phase of human nature to those who know boys mainly as turned out by public schools and Universities. The connexion thus early formed lasted for life. He was pastor of the same place for more than fifty years, with increasing popularity—a centre for the Congregationalists both of England and America. This tells well for the Voluntary system, of which he was a warm advocate; but he was not one to press any system to an extreme, and he seems early to have discovered the best way to make it answer—by rendering himself, that is, as little dependent on it as possible.

It is not in nature to resist a smile over the simple straightforward history of his two marriages. If there was any step in his career which he regarded with unmixed satisfaction, both for the motive and the accomplishment, it was having secured for himself in succession two rich wives, and he writes for readers on whom he securely depends for an undoubting approval. Under the circumstances we do not withhold ours, but the world will not the less have lost its romance when the reign of Congregationalism sets in. Our hero found himself at twenty with a "Church" and a small pittance, but without a home. A wife was a very natural idea to enter into any youth's head at such a moment, and he began to give much thought to this "momentous matter." In this emergency, Providence, he piously tells us, "chose better for me than I should have chosen for myself;" and he considers that he was directed from above to choose a plain woman, older than himself, but with position, money, and the home he wanted:—

I had been one day most earnestly praying for Divine direction in this important step, and during prayer Frances Smith occurred with such force to my mind, that I considered it an indication of Providence that my attention should be directed to her.

Without such interposition he implies that he might have overlooked her high qualities in favour of more open attractions; for, he tells us, "this dear eminent woman had few personal charms;" "she had little sprightliness or vivacity;" "her demeanour was grave, but by no means gloomy." Such early prudence of choice gave great satisfaction to his congregation, and to all parties except the ladies' friends, and the marriage proved a very happy one during the ten years it lasted. He may well exhort young ministers by his example against "hasty ill-formed matches." Three years after the death of this lady we have the account of his second marriage, and his first experience served so prudent a man as a precedent in his next choice, for here again he does not appear to have chosen by mere dictate of feeling:—

By God's good Providence I was directed to one in every way worthy to be the successor of my first wife, and this is saying much. The widow of Mr. Benjamin Neale, of St. Paul's Churchyard, had been sought by many, but she was reserved for me. . . . His widow was left without family, and in the possession of property (subject to some charitable bequests, which she liberally carried out) to the amount of 20,000*l.* . . . Possessed of a masculine understanding, great public spirit, equal liberality, and eminently prudent, she was well fitted for the station into which Providence now brought her. She had her failings; but they were very light and small compared with her many and eminent virtues.

Again he recommends his example to young ministers:—

It has long been my opinion that the comparative failure of many of our ministers in their public career is owing to unsuitable marriages. They are in haste to be married, and often make most unwise selections. . . . It is but rarely that a student makes a wise choice. The result is, a frivolous, weak, moneyless, thriftless woman becomes his wife—a young family comes on difficulties increase—a small stipend, hardly sufficient to obtain necessities, is all they have to depend upon, the spirit of the husband and the father is broken, and he wears out a life in moving from church to church, without being useful anywhere.

This is all very well; but what becomes of the voluntary system if it needs the assistance of rich wives? Again, he is congratulated by his congregation upon "his most interesting and honourable connexion." A rich London widow, the friend of Rowland Hill, would represent wealth, rank, and fashion to the "church in Carr's-lane." Perhaps it might have cast a shade over their expectations had they known that this austere female was entering on her sphere "resolving to do her utmost to discourage worldliness among the more wealthy people in her husband's congregation," and that from her arrival their tea-parties would lose the distinction of their honoured pastor's presence. Nothing, indeed, is unmixed gain in this world, and we cannot but suspect that the severity of this lady's views, and her masculine power of carrying them out, was almost too much for her husband; and that possibly a more dependent wife, though with less money, might have suited his nervous system better. It does not seem a right state of things for the asceticism to be on the wife's side. For about twenty years of his life the popular preacher was afflicted with such a nervous affection as obliged him gradually to give up all engagements away from home. It became a mania, which he thus describes to a friend:—

I find it difficult to explain the idiosyncrasy under which I labour. It is something like this: I make a promise to preach; after a while I am somewhat poorly; I wake in the night—the promise comes up like a spectre before me; it is a trifling concern—no matter, it is a concern, it is a future.

I cannot sleep; I rise uncomfortable, and continue so through the day. I go to bed dreading I shall not sleep; the prediction verifies itself. Then I calculate there are so many weeks to intervene, and that I shall not sleep comfortably till it is over; and how can I endure broken rest so long? By this time the matter has got hold of me, and neither reason nor religion can throw it off; and where others would find that which they would never think about for a moment till the time comes, I find that which darkens every moment till it is past. It is not, observe, a dread of the service itself, but a dread that I shall not sleep till it is over.

This is strange in a man who could commit a sermon two hours long to memory without misplacing a word, and hold his immense audience in breathless attention till it was over.

We have commented on topics occupying but a small fraction of the book, which enters largely on his public labours—his controversies with our Church—his correspondence with American ministers—his efforts to get up Revivals in England after their example—his great work, *The Anxious Inquirer*, which was the fruit of this movement—his curious scheme for converting China by throwing into that country a million of Testaments, as it were from the clouds—and his originating the Evangelical Alliance. The volume concludes with a chapter by his son on his home life, written with a truth, candour, and graphic skill which give it a very honourable place amongst religious biographies.

MIND AND BRAIN.*

CERTAIN speculations on the nature and laws of physical forces have lately brought the term "correlation" into very frequent use; but, apart from any needful or appropriate application, this term has become a kind of cant, and is too often applied in a vague and senseless manner, to give undeserved importance to ill-defined relations or fanciful analogies. It appears to us that, in the work before us, Dr. Laycock has been in some degree influenced by the prevailing mania for the misuse of this term; that he has attempted to bring into correlation matters which do not at all admit of it; and that, if he had never heard of "correlation," he might probably have set forth all that is valuable in his treatise in a more lucid manner, and in a much smaller compass. Between consciousness and organization important relations do without question subsist; but these, as we think, are not altogether of the kind which Dr. Laycock endeavours to establish. The following passage in the preface contains the germ of a theory which is largely expanded throughout his work:—

Looking at the two classes of phenomena, and examining what they have in common, this principle is deduced—viz., That whereas Mind designs, Life is designed. Design, therefore, is common to both; but in the one there is a conscious energy of design, in the other an unconscious. And this law of correlation is universally manifest—viz., That the results of the vital forces, operative according to a law of design, coincide with the various states of consciousness known as desires, feelings, and the like. Hence a general law of design, with its derivative laws, correlates both the laws of life and of consciousness.

Dr. Laycock regards the phenomena of life and of mind as springing from the same source, namely—

An immanent inherent Energy, ever operative, which is not a mere physical or material agent, and which can only be conceived as an actively adapting force manifested in the phenomena of life; consequently, its laws and modes of operation can only be determined by determining the laws of development and organization and of mechanical structure and dynamical action of the living structures by which it is manifested. If it be inoperative, it is unknowable. Hence, mind and its laws can only be known through the phenomena of life and its laws. And since the phenomena of human consciousness are biologically a special form of manifestation of vital processes, which have their seat and origin in the encephalon, the laws of thought and will and feeling can only be fully determined for practical uses in correlation with the laws of action of the nervous system, of which the encephalon is the chief portion and the highest development.

This energy, which Dr. Laycock elsewhere designates as "mind" or "soul," but more frequently the former, operates, according to him, unconsciously in the formation of the bodily organs and the maintenance of their functions, but is awakened into consciousness through the functions of the brain. Thus it appears that mind unconsciously organizes brain, and then, by a singular kind of reciprocity, brain unconsciously invests mind with consciousness. A very queer correlation this!

Now, an essential condition of every operation in which mind, in any intelligible sense of the term, can be conceived to be engaged, is consciousness. Whether we perceive, remember, imagine, combine, analyse, contrive, or will, every one of these operations implies that we are distinctly conscious, or perfectly aware, that such operations are actually going on, and that they are passing in our own mind, and not in the mind of any one else. The aggregate of such activities as these is called "mind," and an unknown thinking power which is supposed to produce them is also called "mind." This double acceptance of the term has led to endless confusion in mental philosophy; in either sense, however, the word "mind" has an intelligible meaning attached to it, and in either sense consciousness is necessarily involved. Dr. Laycock himself, at p. 258 of his first volume, accepts Dugald Stewart's interpretation of our English word

* *Mind and Brain; or, the Correlations of Consciousness and Organization; with their Applications to Philosophy, Physiology, Mental Pathology, and Practice of Medicine.* By Thomas Laycock, M.D., F.R.S.E., Professor of the Practice of Medicine, &c. in the University of Edinburgh. 2 vols. Edinburgh: Sutherland and Knox. London: Simpkin, Marshall, and Co. 1859.

mind as "that which feels, which thinks, which has the power of beginning motion." How does this accord with the hypothesis of an unconscious mind? If Dr. Laycock had merely maintained that a spiritual principle, of which we know nothing but by its results, was the immediate cause of organization and vital action, and that such principle operated unconsciously in obedience to divine laws impressed upon it, all that we should have had to say would have been that we had neither any reason to believe such a supposition true, nor any means of proving it false; but that, as it explained nothing that could not be as well explained without it, we regarded it as superfluous, and for that reason objectionable. When, however, he tells us that *mind*, which by his own admission is "that which feels and thinks," constructs and actuates the body without consciousness—that is to say, without feeling and without thought—he is at variance both with common sense and with himself. Unconscious spiritual existence may be possible for anything we know to the contrary, and mental power need not always be in operation; but to speak of any form of mental activity apart from consciousness is a mere contradiction in terms.

It would seem rather a curious, though apparently an inevitable inference from Dr. Laycock's views, that *mind* has its capacity diminished, not increased, by the important endowment of consciousness. According to him, the unconscious mind of the stupidest boor, or the lowest animal, can construct and regulate a living body; whereas the conscious mind of the most accomplished physiologist is not only incapable of producing or controlling such an organism, but can comprehend it only to a very limited extent when presented for investigation.

The hypothesis that the rational soul is the cause of all the vital movements, whether attended with consciousness or not, originated, at least in modern times, with George Ernest Stahl, a celebrated physiologist of the seventeenth century. But it fell into neglect because it was found to lead continually to the unprofitable discussion of questions which were, in their very nature, impossible of solution. It is, we think, greatly to be regretted that Dr. Laycock should have wasted so much ingenuity in the resuscitation of so worthless an hypothesis. We consider Dr. Laycock's view as essentially the same with Stahl's, because, although he does not endow his vital agent with unconscious rationality, he ascribes to it "an unconscious energy of design," which amounts to the same thing. Stahl and his followers are doubtless right enough in maintaining that *mind* is concerned in the construction of organized bodies and the maintenance of vital actions, but they appear to fall into the unaccountable error of mistaking the mind of the creator for that of the creature. The mind of man perceives design in his own and other living bodies, and it perceives design also throughout the universe; but in neither case has it any participation in such design, consciously or unconsciously. Nor, in recognising the operation of a designing mind in the inorganic universe, do philosophers of the present day think it needful to have recourse to the neo-Platonic notion of an *anima mundi*, which is something very nearly akin to Dr. Laycock's "unconscious mind," only the agency of the latter is restricted to organized bodies. On the whole, the common-sense view of the subject, and that in which, if we mistake not, mankind will abide, is simply that it has pleased the Almighty to impress certain laws both on inert and on living matter, by means of which his own designs in creation are carried out.

Dr. Laycock's work is much pervaded by the doctrine of archetypal ideas—a doctrine particularly identified with the tenets of the Platonic school, but which, in truth, prevailed to a great extent throughout the Greek philosophy. The recent revival of this doctrine in its application to transcendental anatomy is, in many respects, one of the most interesting events in the history of science. When, however, we speak of *mind* and *ideas* in reference to the Deity, we are too apt to forget that such terms are derived only from an acquaintance with our own intellectual constitution, and employed merely for want of others that might be more appropriate. There can be no strict analogy between finite and infinite intelligence, and all that we really know concerning these so-called archetypal ideas is, that the most profound and abstract contemplation which we can bring to bear on natural forms exhibiting design leads to the establishment, in *our own minds*, of certain typical ideas. Whether these have their origin on high, or result merely from the laws of our own mental constitution, may form an interesting question for the philosophers to discuss, though all the philosophy in the world will fail to solve it. Nevertheless, the typical ideas, whether divine or human, remain available for reasoning on philosophical anatomy and subjects dependent on it, and there can be no doubt that their introduction into the speculations of modern science has not only invested some branches of it with a degree of poetical beauty, but has added much to our means of establishing just analogies. Dr. Laycock adopts the Platonic view, and derives the archetypal ideas from the Divine mind; but it appears to us that this doctrine does not harmonize at all well with his own hypothesis of the agency of an unconscious mind. If we understand him aright, he regards the archetypal ideas, not only as the models according to which organic forms are constructed, but as constituting, in correlation (as he calls it) with the vital forces, the efficient causes by which the designs are carried out. If so, what is the use of the unconscious mind? We can only

regard it as a kind of dull and lumpish medium in which Divine ideas are stuck like native diamonds in their earthy bed.

From the theoretical, we turn with sincere pleasure to the practical portion of Dr. Laycock's work. The term *practical* may seem almost strange as applied to the study of mind; for this has usually been conducted in such a manner that practical men are very apt to turn away from it as from a pursuit altogether fruitless and unprofitable. The so-called "philosophy of the human mind" has hitherto had little to do with anything human. A man is not a mind merely, but a living creature compounded of body and mind, which stand in the most intimate relations to each other, and exercise the most important mutual influences. But the philosophers, losing sight of these very obvious facts, have taken for the object of their study an abstract mind, which each has constituted according to his own particular fancy—so that there has been no general consent either as to the nature of the materials to be dealt with, or as to the method of dealing with them. Nevertheless, the human mind, in the proper acceptance of the words, presents us with phenomena which can be observed, and with facts which can be ascertained and compared, just as in any other department of the study of nature, and it therefore seems to be high time that the investigation of mind should be transferred from the domain of speculative philosophy to that of inductive science. One thing is perfectly clear—namely, that in our present state of existence, the phenomena of mind are so closely interwoven with the functions of the brain and nervous system, that they can only be practically or profitably studied in the closest connexion with such functions. No man of common observation can entertain any doubt of this; but the truth, like many others equally obvious and indisputable, has not been practically recognised, and hence psychology has not been cultivated with the aids which properly belong to it, but has been little better than a field for the display of metaphysical and dialectic subtlety. Great credit is, we think, due to Dr. Laycock for the distinct and fearless manner in which he has asserted the dependence of mind on brain, and the futility of studying the former from a merely abstract point of view; and, if he has lapsed into absurdity in his dealings with unconsciousness, he has made amends by the sound sense with which he has treated of consciousness.

The fundamental principle that existence in the order of events precedes thought having been overlooked by the great majority of philosophers since the time of Descartes, they have commenced the investigation of the laws of thought independently of the laws of life or existence. Hence the doctrines of consciousness are founded primarily upon inquiries into how the man feels and knows, without reference to how he exists. In other words, an "immaterial" *Ego* has been accepted as the proper subject of inquiry, rather than the "concrete" *Ego*.

If consciousness resided only in an immaterial *Ego*, it could never be in abeyance as long as such *Ego* continued to exist. But what does experience teach us? If the functions of the brain be suspended by a violent blow on the head, or any other cause, the man lies in a state of profound insensibility; but he has not ceased to exist; for in a little while consciousness is again lighted up, and mind resumes its activity. Whether, under such circumstances, the soul is really unconscious, or whether it retires into another sphere of consciousness unconnected with our corporeal existence, and therefore to us incognizable, we know not; and it would, we conceive, be idle to inquire. But the practical conclusion is that in this our mortal state, consciousness is dependent on the cerebral functions, because, when these functions are suspended, consciousness is suspended also; and when they are restored, it returns. In like manner, all the mental powers and activities, with which consciousness is throughout associated, can be studied by us only in the concrete and living man, with whom alone we are brought in contact, and must be regarded practically as functions of the brain, through the instrumentality of which organ they are alone manifested.

Besides the disjunction of mental philosophy from physiology, there are other causes which have tended to retard the progress of a practical science of mind, and on which Dr. Laycock dwells at great length. We can only advert briefly to those which appear the most important. Among these is the neglect of comparative psychology. There can be no doubt that the general tendency of observation, of late years, has been strongly towards the conclusions, that the mental powers of man and animals differ not in kind, but in degree—that they appear to be innate and instinctive in both—and that it is impossible to draw any distinct line of demarcation between what is called *reason*, and what is called *instinct*. Such being the case, it is obvious that the study of mental phenomena in animals would profitably extend the field of our observation respecting mind in general, and that human psychology may derive important light from comparative psychology, just as the structure and functions of the human body are illustrated by a reference to comparative structure and function. Dr. Laycock comments also with ability on the disadvantages which psychology has laboured under in consequence of our not duly comparing the phenomena of mind as exhibited at different periods of its development, in infancy, childhood, youth, maturity, and old age; and he justly insists on the necessity of tracing mind through all its morbid manifestations in the various phases of insanity and imbecility. It will be seen, in short, that in his praiseworthy attempt to place the science of mind on a firmer basis, his chief efforts are directed to show that it must be cultivated by the same inductive method that we pursue in other branches of science, and in accordance with this prin-

ciple, to extend the sphere of observation, and the means of accumulating available facts.

There are many points of interest in Dr. Laycock's volumes on which our space has not allowed us to touch, and many subjects are also introduced on which, under any circumstances, we should not have felt disposed to enter, because they seem to us irrelevant to the main argument, and to encumber rather than to illustrate it. It is not to be denied that the information contained in this work is immense, being derived from an almost infinite variety of sources; and we may add a praise not often deserved amid such a vast accumulation of materials—that of great accuracy. With all its faults, Dr. Laycock's treatise is the work of no ordinary man. As a reasoner he is very unequal—sometimes acute and subtle, at others deluded by the most naked fallacies, or led astray by the too indefinite use of terms. His *forte* appears to lie, not in abstract reasoning, but in observation; nor does he lack good sense in the application of the latter, when he is fortunate enough to keep clear of theory. And these two things—observation and plain sense—are precisely what psychology at present chiefly needs. Of reasoning we have already had enough to drive us mad. On the whole, if he will have less to do with correlations, and part company altogether with “unconscious mind,” Dr. Laycock is, we think, likely to prove a very useful as well as indefatigable labourer in the field of mental science.

SOMETHING FOR EVERYBODY.*

ONCE more the indefatigable Mr. Timbs lays before the public some of the overflowing contents of his well-filled commonplace books. In noticing, on former occasions, the laborious and useful compilations of this painstaking antiquary, we have remarked on the tact and judgment with which he has selected and arranged his materials. Whether the same praise can be bestowed in an equal degree on the volume now before us is more doubtful. In fact, there are signs that Mr. Timbs has nearly reached the end of his multifarious collections. The contents of the present book are not even homogeneous. We should not be wrong, we think, in the supposition that *Something for Everybody* is made up of odds and ends of information which could not find a place in any of the author's more methodical compilations. Not, however, that this is any fair ground for condemnation. This unpretending volume is likely to meet with as good a reception as any of its predecessors, for no one can open it without finding something in it that is at once amusing and instructive. All the information which it contains is modestly and pleasantly given. We do not say that it is all new or all true. In fact, in some cases, we may reasonably complain that the subject has not been more thoroughly investigated. But Mr. Timbs, it is fair to say, makes no pretension to originality or depth. For himself he claims no more than this:—

Throughout the volume the author has aimed at conveying such information as may be useful without being dry, and amusing without trifling; his main object being to render the book cared for beyond the moment; and that, when read and laid down, it may be taken up again and re-read, and in each case contribute to the gratification of the reader, while it adds to his store of serviceable knowledge.

The first half of this volume contains what the author calls *A Garland for the Year*. This is a brief summary of what is known about the principal anniversaries of the civil and ecclesiastical calendar. It is not only brimful of archaeology and folklore, but it is indebted to natural history for many of its facts. Of course, Hone's *Everyday Book* will at once recur to the reader's mind as having done, on a large scale, what Mr. Timbs here attempts on a small one. But the author assures us that he first conceived the idea of this collection when he made acquaintance, five-and-thirty years ago, with Hone himself. The *Everyday Book*, moreover, is by no means easily procurable now; so that the *Garland for the Year* will be acceptable to many who do not possess the larger work. We have more than once remarked that a strong dash of antiquarianism enters into the composition of the English mind and temper. In spite of the destructive effects of modern civilization, people love to maintain the relics of the past; and archaeological lore about old manners and customs is always a popular subject in all classes of society. We are informed on good authority that one of the most popular columns in the *Weekly Budget*—a penny paper, exceedingly well conducted, which has reached an immense circulation among the operatives of the manufacturing districts—is that which gives a sketch, chiefly borrowed from Hone, of the archaeological *memorabilia* of the calendar. This is found to be almost as attractive as the highly spiced romances which are continued in successive numbers of the paper after the manner of *feuilletons*. It is to the same feeling that we owe the preservation of so many national monuments by private exertions. Immense sums were raised to repair York Minster after its two fires; and when the spire of Chichester Cathedral fell, the diocese itself contributed 20,000*l.* for its rebuilding. Nearly every other large church in England is, or has been, under restoration by funds raised from private sources, and not, as in France, by grants of public money. When a cathedral is being scraped, as Lincoln Minster is now, by the unintelligent guardians of its fabric, an appeal to public opinion

is pretty sure to result in putting a stop to the destructive process. So, again, there is no sign at present of old customs, so long as they are harmless, being abandoned. Witness the ceremonial the other day at the installation of Lord Palmerston as Warden of the Cinque Ports, with its procession, its “Court of Shepway” and the rest. London too keeps up the pageant of its Lord Mayor's Show; Lichfield, if we may trust Mr. Timbs, celebrates annually a festivity called the “Greenhill Bower;” and at Helstone, in Cornwall, a revel, supposed by some to represent the old Pagan festival of the Floralia, is annually observed on the 8th of May. It is wonderful, too, how many ancient practices—some religious, some merely superstitious—are still maintained in different places. The well-dressing on Ascension Day at Tissington, in Derbyshire, is not only still observed, but the example is being followed by the introduction of this thanksgiving service in other towns and villages of that barren limestone district in which water is so scarce and so highly prized. In other places, singular superstitions still hold their ground. For instance, there is the hunting the wren in Ireland on St. Stephen's Day, and on New Year's Day in the Isle of Man—a practice of great antiquity, for the origin of which none of the reasons assigned by Mr. Timbs seem a sufficient explanation. The rites of All Hallows Eve and the St. John's Fires in Ireland are believed to be not yet extinct; and, far less objectionably, blacksmiths still observe the festival of St. Clement, the patron of their craft. Here is a curious account of some ceremonies still observed in apple-bearing counties (though, in quoting it, we may inform Mr. Timbs that the *Sarum Manual* is to be found in other libraries than the one which he names):—

Various customs are in use in different parts of the kingdom with a view to increase the apple-crop: in some counties prayer, in others drinking and rhymes; and in one instrumental music is added. In the *Manuale ad usum Sarum*, now in the vicarage library at Marlborough, there are two beautiful Latin prayers to be said on St. James's and St. Christopher's Day, July 25th, in the orchards, when the trees were to be sprinkled with holy water: this custom applies to Wiltshire and Dorsetshire. In Devonshire to this day a bowl of toast and cider is taken into the orchard on Christmas Eve, a piece of toast is put on the principal tree, and verses are repeated as follows:—

Apple-tree,
We wassail thee,
To bear and to flow,
Apples enow.

In Somersetshire, in the neighbourhood of Minehead and Dunster, a similar custom prevails; and in Sussex, near Horsham, “blowing the trees,” or wassailing, is performed by young men blowing cows'-horns under the apple-trees, and each taking hold of a tree, repeating verses of the same origin as those used in the three other counties. In Normandy, too, the apple-trees are blessed in similar form.

Then, again, in many parts of England the mummers still go their rounds at Christmas; while carols are not only universal, but have been much improved of late years both in words and in music. Mr. Timbs borrows from Miss Baker, the Northamptonshire antiquary, one of the doggerel parts recited by the Midland Counties mummers. It seems that there are eight characters in this masque, called Beelzebub, Activity, Age on the Stage, Doctor, Doctor's Horse, Jem Jacks—the Doctor's man, Fool, and Treasurer. It is a pity that he did not give the whole piece. Still more curious perhaps were certain practices observed till quite our own day during church-time in certain places. Thus Mr. Timbs informs us that the manor of Broughton was held by the performance on Palm Sunday in every year of the ceremony of cracking a whip in Caistor Church, Lincolnshire. This “gad-whip service” is thus described:—

The whip was taken from Broughton by a man, who, while the minister was reading the first lesson, cracked the whip three times in the church porch, then folded it neatly up and retired to a seat. At the commencement of the second lesson he approached the minister, and kneeling opposite to him, with the whip in his hand and a purse at the end of it, held it perpendicularly over his head, waved it thrice, and continued to hold it in a steady position throughout the whole of the chapter. The ceremony was then concluded. The leathern purse tied at the end of the whip contained thirty pieces of silver, said to represent, according to Scripture, “the price of blood.” Four pieces of wych-elm tree, of different lengths, were affixed to the stock, denoting the different gospels of the holy Evangelists. The three distinct cracks were typical of St. Peter's denial of his Lord and Master three times; and the waving of the whip over the minister's head was an intended homage to the blessed Trinity. This service was due to the lord of the manor of Hundon, in Caistor, for whose use the whip was kept deposited in the pew of Caistor Church belonging to the said lord.

Scarcely less remarkable was the custom retained “within the memory of ancient parishioners” of the congregation, both old and young, cracking nuts during Divine service, in the parish church of Kingston-upon-Thames, on the Sunday next before the eve of St. Michael's day. We have already referred to the “Furry-day” of Cornwall. Mr. Timbs describes this singular custom as follows, and we can confirm the general truthfulness of his account, without being responsible, however, for any of his etymology:—

At Helstone, in Cornwall, on May 8th, is held the *Furry*, named from the old Cornish word *fer*, a fair or jubilee. The young folks *fede* (old English for *go*) into the country, and return with flowers and oak-branches in their hats and caps, and dance hand in hand to music through the town, entering every house and garden they please. The older people dance in the same manner, in select parties, at different hours; and then the gentry dance the same, and daughters of the first and noblest families in Cornwall joining. Then come, in sets, the soldiers and their lasses; tradesmen and their wives; journeymen and their sweethearts; and then male and female servants. In 1790 this dance was called the Faddy, and was a morris dance in the streets till dark, the dancers claiming a right to go through any person's house, in at one door and out at the other. There is a tradition that St. Michael, the patron saint of Helstone, made his appearance, or “apparition,” on the 8th

* *Something for Everybody*, and *A Garland for the Year*. A Book for House and Home. By John Timbs, F.S.A. London: Lockwood and Co. 1861.

of May on St. Michael's Mount, on a rock called his chair. This may have led to making the octave of the May-feast, or 8th of May, a market day at Helstone; and when May day pastimes became obsolete, the Furry day was retained.

If this explanation were correct, Mr. Timbs should inform us how it is that, unlike the rest of England, the people of Helstone keep their local festival according to New Style.

These specimens will be enough to show the general character of the information gathered together in the *Garland for the Year*. The rest of the volume is quite heterogeneous. First we have an essay on "Pall-mall, the Game, and the Street," followed by a treatise on Whitebait, in which the author explains the natural history of the fish, according to Yarrell, and also the method of catching it and cooking it. A whitebait dinner is excellently described in a characteristic extract from Tom Walker's *Original*. Brambletye House, a ruined mansion near East Grinstead, which Horace Smith made the subject and title of a novel, is next described from a personal visit; and then, under the head of "Domestic Arts and Customs," Mr. Timbs gives us a host of facts and anecdotes, gathered from all sources, ancient and modern, trustworthy or not, as the case may be. We thought we knew London pretty well ourselves, but we confess that we were not aware that "saloop" is still occasionally sold, as is here asserted, at stalls in the streets. What is now called saloop, however, is said to be a decoction of sassafras. Formerly it was made from *salep*, the root of the *orchis mascula*, the tubers of which were peeled and browned in an oven. Before the introduction of tea and coffee, an infusion of salep was frequently used as a nutritious drink. The next thing which strikes us in perusing Mr. Timbs' entertaining miscellanies is a discussion about the game of cricket. Derived from the Saxon *Cricee* or *Creag*, a crooked stick or club, this game is supposed to be the "club and ball" of the Middle Ages. But the name is not found in James I.'s *Schedule of Sports* nor in Burton's enumeration of popular amusements in the *Anatomy of Melancholy*. The first mention of the word in its modern form is supposed to occur in 1685; but an entry in the Wardrobe account of the 28th Edw. I. (1300) mentions "*creag et alios ludos*" as an item in the expenses of Prince Edward; and the game is probably referred to in a statute of 17th Edw. IV. (1477) by the name of "the pastime of *handyn and handout*." In the following sections Mr. Timbs proceeds to notice famous gardens and gardeners of all ages. The facts which he has collected about the London gardens are perhaps the most novel of all. Here we read of coroner's inquests in the 13th century on boys who lost their lives in apple-stealing from the orchards of Paternoster-row, Saffron-hill, Field-lane. Lily and Vine-streets and Baldwin's-gardens testify to the comparatively late rurality of the neighbourhood of Holborn-hill. Great Russell-street had noted gardens up to 1720. "The small white buglosse grows upon the drie ditch bankes about Pickadilla," says the *Herbal* of 1596. Many more gardens still exist in London than is generally known. Mr. Timbs mentions some of them; for example, that of Northumberland House, and the pleasure garden at Buckingham Palace, which comprises forty acres. He does not speak, however, of the really charming grounds attached to the Foundling Hospital. We yet hope to see trees and flowers more extensively cultivated in London; and we trust that an opportunity will be taken from the proposed embankment of the north side of the Thames to extend our ornamental parks to the river side. Finally, in order, we suppose, to make good his alternative title of *Something for Everybody*, Mr. Timbs concludes with a number of receipts—culinary, medical, and domestic—which are more amusing than dignified. Here one may learn how to cure the sting of the harvest-bug, and to avoid *horripilatio* or goose-skin. Here, too, is a remedy for whooping-cough, which was recommended, in 1827, to Constable the artist. "I find medical men," he writes about his infant, "know nothing of this terrible disorder, and can afford it no relief; consequently, it is in the hands of quacks. I have been advised to put him three times over and three times under a donkey as a perfect cure!" It will be seen that this little volume abounds with diverting and suggestive extracts. It seems to us particularly well adapted for parochial lending libraries.

LORD LINDSAY ON SCEPTICISM.*

THE general aim of this book is to apply to the present state of theological opinion the theory to which, some sixteen years ago, Lord Lindsay gave the name of Progression by Antagonism. The theory is complicated, and occasionally fanciful, and like all such theories, when an attempt is made to state it briefly, it sounds very like a truism. The chief feature of it is that there are two main types of religious thought, under one or other of which all forms of belief, however various, may be ranged. Lord Lindsay gives to them the names of Reason and Imagination. They reappear constantly in history under different disguises, as Brahmin and Magian, Aristotelic and Platonic, Petrine and Pauline, Realist and Nominalist, Catholic and Protestant; but whatever dress they borrow from the peculiarities of each succeeding age, they are in essence the same. For the formation of a healthy school of opinion, each is necessary as a check upon the other. Whenever either is in excess, degeneracy certainly ensues; and degeneracy, passing through the stage of

scepticism, or of mysticism, always takes at the last the form of infidelity in point of opinion and depravity in point of morals. Applying this view to the present day, his object is to establish that the scepticism which he believes to be prevalent now will certainly lead, according to all historical precedent, to complete negation of belief, and that morality and civilization will suffer by the result. This is, of course, only the barest outline of a system which Lord Lindsay elaborates with considerable learning, and in great detail. It is to be expected that facts will not always conform themselves as they ought to a symmetrical theory of this kind. The same Church, and often the same mind, will include within itself phenomena which, according to his view, ought to belong to different types of opinion. This inflexible classification is sometimes only to be enforced by very harsh measures. Separations of the most grievous character are often necessary. Luther finds himself, with the Tridentine Doctors, on the Imagination side, while his philosophy, which was Nominalist, and his friend Melancthon, are ranged upon the Reason side. Calvin is divorced from his followers in a similar fashion. The Evangelicals are bracketed with Arminius and Socinus upon the Reason side, while Calvin is associated with Laud and the Nonjurors on the Imagination side. Adversity makes strange bedfellows; but adversity is not so cruel as Lord Lindsay. The specific character given to the two types contains some equally puzzling juxtapositions. The chief instance of the Reason type, in Lord Lindsay's mind, is Germany; and the chief instance of the opposite tendency is Rome. To suit the facts of history, it is of course necessary to make the Roman excess degenerate into materialistic scepticism and atheism; while the German excess runs off into idealistic scepticism and pantheism. But the consequence of this mode of constructing his case is rather startling. Infidelity may fairly be classified as atheistic and pantheistic. Most people would treat the first as the disease of the reasoning type of mind, the last as the disease of the imagination. But Lord Lindsay is driven by the respective tendencies of France and Germany to give the pantheism to the reason, and the atheism to the imagination. Many more such criticisms might be made. A philosophy which tries to bend to rigid laws the eccentricities of human folly and passion, prepares its own defeat beforehand. It is a satisfaction to some minds to put all the phenomena of history and experience into pigeon-holes; and as a kind of *memoria technica* the practice may have its advantages. But it can only be done at the cost of an amount of distortion which makes history valueless as a guide.

But we are inclined to take exception to Lord Lindsay's line of reasoning on more general grounds. It may be conceded that a disturbance of belief has a tendency to promote immorality among the more educated classes. But is the concession of any use to the Christian advocate? When sceptical ideas are afloat, the questions which doubting minds are busied in deciding are questions, not of expediency, but of fact. A number of men have been brought up to believe that certain statements with respect to the supernatural world are true, but grounds have occurred to them for doubting their truth, and therefore their minds are in a sceptical condition. There are certain symptoms that such a state of mind is on the increase at the present moment—a phenomenon which might have been securely counted on as the inevitable sequel of a fiercely controversial period. But these sceptical minds are not engaged in examining whether any one of the doctrines of which they doubt is safe, or beneficial, but whether it is true. If its truth is not proved to their satisfaction, they would repel with indignation the suggestion that they are to believe and preach it because of its utility. No sane man would accept a statement of alleged fact on any earthly subject because he thought the belief would be beneficial to himself or others. It might be beneficial to the Northern Americans if they and the rest of the world could believe that they had triumphed at Bull's Run. But no one has yet suggested the advantages of such a belief, and the disadvantages of the opposite view, as a reason for either holding the one or discrediting the other. The authenticity of the Book of Jonah, which seems to be the battle-field of a portion of the religious world at this moment, is just as much a question of fact as the victory of Bull's Run. It is wholly irrelevant to tell us of the evils that will follow from a disbelief in the Book of Jonah. Neither Lord Lindsay nor any one else would dream of proving the authenticity of Livy or the genuineness of Hippolytus by reciting the moral advantages of such a belief. To carry into polemics a style of argument that would be tolerated in no terrestrial controversy whatever, is not the way to impress opponents. The imputation to which it exposes those who use it is that, even if the evidence should turn out to be rickety, they would still pretend to be convinced for the sake of the interests of jeopardized morality.

But then there is a vague idea, founded on a strained text of Scripture, that the doctrines which issue in the highest morality must be the true doctrines. Lord Lindsay appears to add yet another criterion, and to object to scepticism because it is, as he says, "a retrogressive impulse in the march of human civilization." Into the theological perplexities of this view it is not our business to enter. But, as a mere matter of history, the obvious difficulty suggests itself, that scarcely two persons—certainly no two eras—are agreed as to the precise definition of "morality" and "civilization." It is impossible to apply to the truth of a religion a test which shifts so easily, according to the predilections of the

* *Scepticism and the Church of England*. By Lord Lindsay. London: Murray. 1861.

manipulator. "Civilization" may mean an increase in material appliances, or a compact political organization, or the encouragement of intellectual vigour. "Morality," as the word is popularly used, may mean chastity, or tenderness for life or social order. Is it supposed to include a hatred for persecution? Again, most religions encourage some form of moral excellence, and Lord Lindsay's test raises the question, which form is the best. Some modifications of religion encourage chastity, others benevolence, others honesty, others humility—none that has hitherto obtained any great prevalence on earth gives, in effect, an equal encouragement to all. Again, some forms of religion promote a very high morality among a few—others, a less exalted morality among a larger number. Which is to be preferred? Surely these difficulties make the criterion of "consequences" worthless. It would be less laborious by far, as well as more satisfactory, to examine at once, as a dry question of evidence, the grounds on which the authenticity of the book of Jonah rests, than to attempt to work a test so shifting and illusory. But that is not the worst of the argument from consequences. Like many other polemical weapons, it bears an unpleasant analogy to a rocket. It is just as likely to put your own side to rout as to make havoc among the enemy. In fact, there is no argument of which the sceptics themselves are fonder. Mr. Buckle proves, with as much learning and elaboration as Lord Lindsay himself employs, that all the civilization of modern Europe is due to the spirit of scepticism. Professor Newman attributes it to the heathen influences which were brought into operation by the Renaissance. And a whole *catena* of unbelievers, from Lucretius downwards, have sought for a confirmation of their objections to a belief in the supernatural from the ferocity with which believers have persecuted each other. Lord Lindsay does not appear to have made up his mind what precise weight is to be attached to the practice of persecution in measuring the merits of that morality and civilization which scepticism is taxed with destroying. If we are to try the issue between scepticism and a belief in traditional Christianity by consequences, the Albigensian crusade, the Inquisition, the fires of Smithfield and Geneva, and the Thirty Years' War, are rather awkward consequences to deal with. It is not quite safe to summon scepticism before the bar of history, and call on it to show cause why it should not be condemned as hostile to morality and civilization. The sceptics may plausibly reply that their tendencies, even in the wild and transient delirium of the French Revolution, have never produced one-tenth part of the religious persecution that has been perpetrated by the admirers of unquestioning belief. Lord Lindsay, and those who argue like him, are responsible for the weight which such rejoinders carry. We can see abundant and very excellent reasons why the temporal benefits of Christianity should have developed themselves slowly, and even now be largely qualified. It is no impeachment to the purity of a medicine that its conquest over a deeply-rooted malady is slow and painful. But from any such escape those who test religions by their recorded results are cut off. Lord Lindsay has been seduced by the clap-net advantage of throwing the unpopular word "retrogression" into the teeth of the sceptics. But the advantage may be too dearly bought. It is no service to religion to offer to her champions a weapon which will only burst in their hands. Only those who, in the spirit of Gibbon's magistrates, look on all religions as equally useful, can wish that, in an issue between doctrinal truth and falsehood, the verdict should be influenced by considerations of high police or a solicitude for "progress."

A large portion of Lord Lindsay's book is devoted to the discussion of the duties and dangers of the Church of England in the present theological crisis. Into such questions it is not our office to follow him. We can only commend the book to our readers with the observation that it will repay those who read for profit, because it contains the fruit of very extensive research. But the style is not attractive, and will repel many from attempting to penetrate to the real merits of the thoughts which it conceals. We have never met with even a German book which at all rivalled the one before us in the length and unwieldiness of its sentences. Lord Lindsay thinks nothing of a sentence an octavo page long. We would seriously recommend him to discard from his typography the too seductive hyphen, and to limit his sentences to a liberal maximum of ten lines. As his style is at present constructed, it requires as much mental labour to connect the beginning of his sentences with the end as to remember the steps of a long mathematical calculation.

THE WARS OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.*

WE propose to extract from Sir Edward Cust's third volume a concise account of the American War of Independence. It would be at any time interesting to penetrate through the exaggerations of American self-complacency to the real features of that contest, as represented by an impartial writer. But at the present moment, this volume of the *Annals of the Wars* has a peculiar value from the striking similarity which appears between the early difficulties of Washington and those which now oppress the generals of the United States army. It is not going too far

to say that a competent commander might, in the first two years of the War of Independence, have crushed every attempt of the insurgents to maintain the semblance of an army at any point within easy reach of the sea-coast. But no force that could have been sent from Europe would have been able, however skilfully directed, to overcome the natural impediments to a permanent conquest of the interior. In the absence of military capacity on the British side, the only effect of the employment of numerous and brave troops was gradually to beat the raw American militia into soldiers capable of meeting their disciplined assailants with the bayonet. By the time Washington found himself at the head of what deserved to be called an army, the naval superiority of Great Britain, which was essential to her carrying on this war, had been more than counterbalanced by the alliance of France and Spain with the revolted colonies. Admiral Howe, at New York, had only escaped, by anchoring his fleet in a position chosen with rare skill, from the necessity of fighting with the French on dangerously unequal terms. The combined fleets of France and Spain had commanded the British Channel, and Paul Jones, off Flamborough Head, had compelled two British men-of-war to strike their colours. It was in this dark hour that the great victory of Rodney restored the confidence of his country in her naval fortune. "The thrill of ecstasy that penetrated every bosom in the British fleet when the flag of the *Ville de Paris* went down, is not to be described. She was the largest ship afloat, and such a surrender was the crowning glory of the conflict." This famous victory was gained in 1782, just at the time when the new British Ministry had resolved to acknowledge the independence of the United States. The invention of the manœuvre of breaking the line, by which a part of the French fleet was cut off from the rest and overwhelmed by a superior force, has been variously ascribed to more than one writer on tactics, to Admiral Rodney, and to his flag-captain Sir Charles Douglas, the father of Sir Howard Douglas, a well-known writer upon naval tactics in our own time.

The war of American independence commenced in 1775, and the familiar names of Lexington and Bunker's Hill belong to the incidents of the first year. The raw patriotic levies learned, from their partial success on these occasions, that courage could do much against disciplined troops, and fancied that it could do everything. Then followed a series of defeats, and many examples which have been lately imitated at Bull's Run. Yet Washington saw that he had the material for making soldiers, and he made them. It was on the 18th of June that the British generals in command at Boston incurred a loss of 1054 men in carrying the height called Bunker's Hill, which the patriots had only occupied the night before. In the first year of the war, Montreal was taken, and Quebec besieged by the insurgents; but afterwards Canada remained secure, and attempts were made by the British to descend from that country by Lake Champlain and the Hudson River towards New York, so as to cut off the New England States from the Western and Southern members of the Confederacy. In executing an ill-concerted scheme of this kind General Burgoyne got himself surrounded by a superior force, and could find no alternative but the surrender of his whole army at Saratoga, in 1777. This great and unexpected piece of success was, to the Americans, the turning-point of fortune. On no other occasion did the British commanders venture so far from their basis of operations. They abandoned Boston in the first year, and removed to the neighbourhood of New York, which they took in spite of all Washington's efforts to defend it, and held during the remainder of the war. From New York they shipped the greater part of their army for the Delaware, where they landed and captured Philadelphia, after defeating Washington completely at the Brandywine. These were their chief successes. They also overran with a detached force great part of the Carolinas and Virginia, gained many victories, and suffered some defeats. By a course of fatal blundering, the army which had been thus employed was allowed to be surrounded at York Town on the Virginian coast by the French and American fleet and army while the main British force lay inactive at New York. Lord Cornwallis and his garrison of 4000 men were compelled to surrender on the 19th of October, 1781; and "the war was substantially closed by this brilliant feat of arms," which was followed within five days by the arrival off the Chesapeake of a British fleet of twenty-five sail of the line and an army of 7000 soldiers, designed for the relief of their now captive countrymen.

But how different was the commencement from the end! In 1776, at the battle of Long Island, which gave the British possession of New York, Washington "beheld, with poignant grief, the inextricable confusion in which the troops were involved, and ordered back all he could collect and form." After this battle, he issued an address, declaring that "it is the General's express orders that if any man attempt to skulk, lie down, or retreat without orders, he be instantly shot down as an example." A few days later, he found his troops retreating without any cause. He used every means to rally them and get them into order, but his attempts were fruitless; and those ordered up to their support ran off in every direction. "Are these the men," he exclaimed, "with whom I am to defend America?" Nevertheless, in the winter following this unfortunate campaign, Washington contrived a stroke which gained his first considerable success. The British army had gone into extensive cantonments between the Rariton River and the Delaware. Colonel Rahl, with a por-

* *Annals of the Wars of the Eighteenth Century*. Compiled from the most authentic histories of the period. By the Hon. Sir Edward Cust, D.C.L., Lieutenant-General in the British Army, and Colonel of the Sixteenth (Queen's) Lancers. Vol. III. 1760-1783. London: Mitchell. 1859.

tion of the Hessian troops in British pay, lay at Trenton, on the latter river. Washington observed that the Hessians were enjoying themselves in a fancied state of security, with great laxity of discipline; and he determined to beat up their quarters. His plan of operation was successfully carried out, and the Hessians were attacked in two places at once, and thrown into disorder. Their gallant Colonel, Rahl, was mortally wounded; and they were greatly shaken by his fall. Three regiments, to the number of nearly 1000 men, laid down their arms. The British generals were much disquieted by this and other dashing inroads into the middle of their troops, and they withdrew from the bank of the Delaware, taking up cantonments nearer to New York. But Washington, although successful, found an obstacle to further progress which is not unknown to General Scott. "The great difficulty experienced by the provincial army was the indisposition of the soldiers to the service, who were soon tired of the labours of it and evidently desired to return to their homes. Congress, therefore, endeavoured to remedy this by establishing engagements for seven or eight years, instead of voluntary service."

At the opening of the next campaign, that of 1777, Washington established himself at Middlebrook on the Raritan, where he carefully fortified and resolutely held his position. Here he prevented at once the movement of Sir William Howe on Philadelphia, and any attempt by him to give his hand on the waters of the Hudson to the force approaching under Burgoyne. At last, the British General concluded that feints were useless, and that nothing short of an invasion of a Southern district would draw Washington from his strong ground. He therefore embarked the greater part of his army at Sandyhook, on July 23rd, and nothing more was heard of him by Washington till August 22nd—a fact which illustrates one striking difference between war in the last and in the present century. Howe was gone no further than to the Chesapeake. At the bottom of that bay he landed, and found Washington with his army between him and Philadelphia. The patriots were completely defeated at the Brandywine, and Philadelphia was occupied by the British. About this time Major-General Grey, with the 42nd and 44th regiments, surprised a body of 1500 Americans by night and routed them. It was on this or some similar occasion that General Grey ordered his men to take the flints out of their muskets. Another battle was fought at Germantown, in which Washington became the assailant and was defeated. The British fleet removed the obstacles which had been created to the navigation of the Delaware, and the campaign on this side terminated. Sir William Howe cantoned his army at Philadelphia, and Washington encamped at Valley Forge, about sixteen miles distant. Towards the close of his own unfortunate campaign, the news came to him that his subordinate, General Gates, on the Hudson, had compelled General Burgoyne to lay down his arms. Upon the causes of this humiliating catastrophe Sir Edward Cust says, that "without doubt Burgoyne had been left in the lurch by Colonel St. Leger, and to his fate by Clinton, but an abler man might have earlier foreseen and prepared himself against all contingencies. The surrender was more the fault of Burgoyne than the merit of Gates." He thinks that Burgoyne's disaster affords a warning to future commanders that, "when left without assurance of support, the safety of the entire force should never be jeopardized to the casualties of the latest instant of time." Burgoyne began his march with about 7500 British and German troops; and his effective force, when he surrendered, had been reduced to half that number, while he was assailed by 16,000 enemies. As always happens in such cases, the invaders became weaker and the defenders stronger at every step the former took from their supports.

In the next campaign, that of 1778, Clinton had succeeded Howe in the chief command of the British army. He abandoned Philadelphia, and moved his army back to New York. In the next campaign, he invaded the Carolinas and took Charleston, and left the command in that country with Lord Cornwallis, who in 1780 gained the battle of Camden over General Gates. That commander attempted a change of disposition of the brigades of militia, which movement was not lost upon Cornwallis. He instantly directed an advance and charge by the 23rd, 33rd, and 71st Regiments. This movement was executed with so much spirit that the Virginia militia at once threw down their loaded muskets and fled from the field; and their example was presently followed by nearly the whole of the North Carolina regiment. "Never was a victory more complete, for of the 6000 men who composed Gates' army, not sixty could again have been collected." But still the country was as far as ever from being conquered. Early next year a lieutenant of Lord Cornwallis, named Tarleton, whom Sir Edward Cust pronounces to have been the best officer in the British service during this war, suffered himself to be drawn into a snare by General Morgan, and defeated. Seven hundred militia, in whom the American commander placed no great confidence, were exposed to view in the first line, but the regular troops were kept out of sight. These troops fell upon the British, who had easily routed and were eagerly pursuing the militia. A close and deadly fire threw the British into irremediable confusion. The 7th Regiment lost its colours, and the 71st Highlanders shared this total defeat with it. This is stated to have been the first battle in which the patriots defeated their opponents with the bayonet.

We need pursue this history no further. It is evident

that, whenever accident or want of combination placed the British at a numerical disadvantage, there would be found on the side of the Americans officers and soldiers good enough to profit by the opportunity. Lord Cornwallis operated in the Carolinas and Virginia long enough to turn the militia of those States, or what remained of it, into disciplined troops, and the result of all was his surrender at York Town, in October, 1781. But still the American generals encountered many reverses before the final triumph. After the defeat of Guilford, General Greene rallied his force eighteen miles from the field of battle, but found he had none left with him but the regular troops. "The militia had to a man returned the nearest way to their homes." But victory, at the price paid for it, was to Cornwallis equivalent to defeat. The disaster of York Town may be attributed to want of concert and mismanagement among the British naval and military chiefs; but even if Cornwallis had preserved his army, the conquest of Virginia would have remained, as it had long been, impossible.

COMETS.*

THE comet which has just ceased to attract attention has certainly some right to complain of the indifference of the English public. It was scarcely, if at all, less brilliant than that which glorified the autumn of 1858; and its tail was considerably more elongated. Like its predecessor, it has been pronounced a new acquisition; for no astronomer has yet succeeded in identifying it with any which has visited us before. In spite of all these attractions, the spectacle appears a sort of failure when compared with the exhibition of 1858. The earlier of the two recent comets was honoured with more than one leader in the *Times*, and was made the subject of innumerable communications to that many-sided print, of every possible calibre, from the calculations of accredited astronomers to the speculations of the most ignorant and conceited observers of the one absorbing phenomenon. This year, a languid glance at the celestial visitor through a binocular seems to have satisfied the curiosity of average Englishmen; and the last haze of the tail has been allowed to disappear without a single flash of nonsense on the subject appearing in the *Times*. This contrast might be welcomed as a symptom of greater sobriety of speculation having set in with the Conservative reaction, were it not for the fact that the injudicious luminary of 1861 appeared in the height of the session of Parliament, while its predecessor burst upon the world in the full swing of the Silly Season.

Whatever the cause, it is matter for congratulation that the only literary product of this recent apparition is a republication in a separate form of what is decidedly the best *resumé* of all that is known of comets which has yet appeared. The work to which we refer is an excerpt from Arago's *Popular Astronomy*, and contains perhaps the best chapters of a work which attempts, with a success second only to Sir John Herschel's, to popularize astronomical science. The history of observed comets stretches back as far as the Chinese records of the first century. More than 600 of these strange bodies are recorded in the catalogue of comets, and the orbits of about a quarter of them have been determined with more or less accuracy. Four only have been distinctly recognised on their reappearance, of which three lie within the limits of the planetary system, and the fourth, the famous comet of Halley, reaches but a little way beyond the orbit of Neptune. Halley had the honour of first predicting the reappearance of a comet. He perceived the near approach to identity of the calculated orbits of the comets of 1682 and 1607, and on searching the past records he found another earlier appearance recorded in 1531, which satisfied him that his comet had a period of about 75 years, and ought to reappear towards the beginning of 1759. As the time approached, the problem was treated with more exactness by the French philosopher Clairaut, who fixed the middle of April as the time when the comet would approach most nearly to the sun. He claimed a margin of thirty days for error in calculation, and exactly one month before the predicted time Halley's comet was found in its perihelion position. This was the comet which again appeared, obedient to prediction, in 1835, and it is now as completely recognised a member of our system as any of the planets themselves.

The instant that a new comet is announced, the first efforts of astronomers are directed to a comparison of its observed course with the records of former appearances, and some notion of the multitude of these bodies may be formed from the fact that no comet since that of 1835 has been identified as an old friend. The return of some of them has been predicted with more or less certainty from the form of their orbits, which in several instances have been ascertained to be clearly elliptical, while others are certain to fly off to practically, if not absolutely, infinite distances; but with the exception of the few data which have thus been arrived at, little is known of the track of comets beyond the general fact that they move at all sorts of inclinations to the plane of the solar system, and, as often as not, in a direction opposite to that which is common to all the planets. One singular circumstance, indeed, is known of a little comet, first calculated by Encke, which revolves in a period of about

* *A Popular Treatise on Comets.* By François Arago. Translated and Edited by Admiral W. H. Smyth and Robert Grant. London: Longmans. 1861.

three years, and has occasionally excited some alarm by its anticipated proximity to the earth. In less than a century its period has steadily diminished by about four days—a fact from which astronomers have drawn the almost irresistible inference that the planetary spaces are occupied by a rare resisting medium, which must ultimately bring all the planets into collision with the sun.

This rather meagre account is all that astronomers have to tell us about the orbits of comets, and, except in negating a host of popular fallacies, they have been still less successful in the inquiry into the composition of these anomalous bodies. Popular curiosity concerns itself more with the question what comets are made of than with any investigations of their erratic orbits. To the alarmists, the little that is known on this subject ought to be especially grateful. Whatever comets are made of, they seem to be of a very cobwebby texture. In 1770, a comet passed outside of the moon's orbit, within the moderate distance of a million and a-half miles from ourselves. If it had been as heavy as the earth it would have prolonged the year by two or three hours. It did not add a single second to the period of the earth's revolution and must have been less than a four thousandth part of the weight of our globe. Another comet actually thrust itself between Jupiter and his moons without causing the smallest appreciable disturbance of their movements. Even the most brilliant are transparent enough to allow stars to be seen through the centre of the nucleus, and from these observations the inference has been drawn that the substance of a comet is considerably less solid than a London fog. Perhaps the strangest phenomenon ever observed was the splitting of one very familiar comet into two distinct bodies, which went on in neighbouring orbits without any special symptoms of an extraordinary nature. These considerations rather tend to blunt the interest of the inquiry whether a comet is ever likely to come into collision with the earth; but Arago reassures the timid with a calculation that the odds, in an average case, are some hundreds of millions to one against the occurrence of such an event. Still, it is not impossible; and those who delight in catastrophes which may be viewed at a distance will be rejoiced at the prediction that, after an interval of an unknown number of millions of years, several of the best-known comets must be swallowed up by the sun itself. Newton himself speculated on the possibility of comets furnishing the fuel of the central luminary, and attributed the sudden appearance of previously unknown stars to a conflagration due to cometary interference. To come back to the earth, it is ascertained to be by no means improbable that the globe may gather up into its atmosphere some portions of the tails of comets which approach inconveniently near. Certain remarkable dry fogs, in 1783 and 1831, were, with insufficient reason, attributed to this cause; and the first observation of this year's comet was said to have been preceded by a peculiar haze, which it was sought to connect with the comet itself. But all these minor influences, even if more satisfactorily established, are insignificant matters compared with the possibility, so often asserted, of a conflagration to be caused by a collision with a blazing comet; and the first point to be settled is whether comets are really incandescent luminous bodies. This problem was very happily treated by Arago himself, who demonstrated that comets owe at least a large portion, if not the whole, of their light to the reflection of the solar rays. Their light has the quality of reflected light; and moreover, when they disappear, it is not in the way in which a luminous body becomes invisible, by gradually subtending an angle too small to produce a sensible impression of light, but by a much more sudden process caused by their increasing distance from the sun, the centre of their illumination. Still it is possible that some portion of a comet's light may be its own property, and those who prefer to fancy them as burning worlds may still have some shreds of argument wherewith to defend their hypothesis. But if they are not bright, comets may at any rate be hot, and every one knows the superstition about comet summers and comet vintages. Arago deals with this question as carefully as with others of more pretension. A close analysis of meteorological records shows that the average temperature of comet years has not been appreciably higher than that of others, and that extreme cold has sometimes been experienced during a comet's visit. Even the wild speculation that a comet may some day drag us by its attraction to infinitely remote regions of unwarmed space, is considered with abundant gravity; and though it is admitted that a comet, if it were only heavy enough, and if it came near enough, might make a satellite of the earth itself, the consolation is offered that no such comet has ever been seen, and that if we were carried off to the most remote regions of space, it is by no means certain that the temperature of the earth would fall so low as to extinguish human life. The experiment would not be a pleasant one to try, and it is more comfortable to fall back on the assurance which the nebulous character of comets affords against any appreciable disturbance of our orbit.

A chapter upon tails almost completes the history of comets which Arago compiled. One thing is certain about them—they always appear denser at the edges than in the centre—a phenomenon which can only be explained by regarding them as hollow conical or cylindrical envelopes of a certain degree of transparency. But the way in which they are thrown off at the rate of millions of miles in an hour—the force which moves them—the changes which they undergo—the tendency to remain in general

opposite to the sun, in defiance of all mechanical laws—are all matters which puzzle modern astronomers as much as they may have puzzled the earliest Chinese observers. Some would make them mere optical effects, without more substance of their own than a sunbeam shining in a darkened room. Newton made the tail a mere vapour thrown off by the heat of the sun; but neither this hypothesis nor those of Kepler and Tycho Brabé were sufficient to account for some of the most familiar facts. Biot and Gregory, Laplace and Delambre, all had theories which are discussed and rejected by Arago, whose chapter ends with a brief statement of his own solution of the problem, What is the cause of a comet's tail? The answer given is, "I do not know;" and it is the only answer which astronomers have yet been able to give to the enigma.

These are the main conclusions to be drawn from the work which has been so opportunely republished. They are not quite so ample as the hypotheses which have often been sown broadcast by less-informed writers, but they comprise all that is known on a subject which is perhaps the more fascinating from the mystery which still hangs about it.

HANDBOOK OF NORTH WALES.*

MR. MURRAY'S British Handbooks still go on prosperously in point of matter, though they strike us as needlessly dear. Surely six shillings and sixpence is a good deal to pay for so thin a book as the one before us, which numbers only 174 pages, counting in the index. It may, one would think, be a question whether they can, at this rate, stand their ground against the inferior Guidebooks which are sold at a lower rate. There can, however, be no doubt as to their being the best series of the kind. Their matter is always fairly accurate—as accurate as it is ever likely to be in a book which has to deal with so many subjects and to cater for so many tastes. The writers have, at least, always done their best to go to the best sources for information. They always discharge the proper function of a Guidebook—that of saying what there is to see; and if now and then a description may seem inadequate or not scientifically exact, the scientific observer can correct it for himself, and the common traveller still probably learns something. And the books are always pleasantly and sensibly written, avoiding at once dullness, over-technicality, and, the worst sin of all, fine writing. When one remembers the fearful rubbish of the old style of Guidebook, the extravagant rant about places, and the fulsome flattery about people, one may indeed be thankful to Mr. Murray. Still we could not help being a little sorry if Mr. Murray should drive our old friend Cliffe—Cliffe, we mean, unadulterated by Roberts—quite out of the field. As for the others, Black is totally worthless, and Cathrall is too learned about the courses of rivers, and too dull about everything else, for us greatly to sigh if Murray wholly displaces either of them.

North Wales is far better known than South Wales; indeed, a large portion of it has so completely become a recognised field for tourists as to be fast getting altogether stale and hackneyed. The North coast, again, is getting thickset with watering-places, while in the South, Tenby is the only one which is more than locally known; for Aberystwyth, though really in a South Welsh county, lies in a corner whose whole aspect and feeling makes the traveller much more inclined to identify it with North Wales. The Chester and Holyhead Railway, again, is the recognised way to Ireland, while the South Wales Railway and the Waterford Packet are only beginning to make it understood that they are a way to Ireland also. North Wales is a much smaller country than the Southern division, even without the addition of Monmouthshire. But, in truth, the division into North and South Wales is a very artificial one. The central districts have very little in common with the coast; and it is indeed almost a trial of faith to believe that Radnorshire forms part of South Wales equally with Glamorgan. Northern, Central, and Southern Wales would form a much more practical division.

North Wales, we need hardly say, has the advantage in point of natural scenery. Though, as we argued a little time back, South Welsh mountains are not so well known as they deserve to be, we do not undertake to back any of them against Snowdon. North Wales, too, has a greater historical importance as having remained so much longer independent of England, and as having never received so many English and other foreign settlers as the South. We believe Sir Bernard Burke would bear witness that many more of the chief North-Welsh families are really of Welsh origin; while in the South, of those who are not confessedly modern importations, a very large proportion are descendants (or professed descendants) not of the old Welsh chieftains, but of their Norman conquerors. This was the result of the difference in their history. South Wales was conquered by adventurers, who, of course, took what they could get, and settled on their conquests. North Wales was a forfeited fief annexed to the English Crown, and the great Edward had no possible motive for treating Wales as William the Conqueror had treated England. He founded towns, indeed, and each town was an English colony, governed by English municipal laws and largely inhabited by English burgesses; but

* *Handbook for Travellers in North Wales. With a Travelling Map. London: Murray. 1861.*

he did not cut up the whole country among his followers as Fitz-hamon and his followers did Glamorgan. For the very reason that North Wales is more Welsh than South Wales, it is much less rich in mediæval antiquities than the South. The castles built or begun by Edward himself are the chief attractions—and noble objects they are; but there is not that variety of ecclesiastical, military, and domestic buildings which are scattered along the whole line of the South coast. The great cathedral and abbey-building age had nearly passed away at the time of the conquest of North Wales. The two North Welsh episcopal churches are incomparably inferior, not only to the great English or French Minsters, but even to those of Llandaff and St. David's; and the only important monastic ruin—that of Valle Crucis—is a strictly Welsh building of earlier date than Edward I. On the whole, while the political conquest of North Wales is an event which makes a greater figure in general English history than the occupation of the South, it does not give so much opportunity for that mass of local history which attaches to every castle and every old house in the South. North Wales, too, is incomparably less important in its modern and practical aspect than the South. It has its mineral wealth—its slate quarries above all—but they are hardly to be put alongside of the vast range of mining works of all kinds spread over the counties of Glamorgan and Monmouth. Nor has North Wales any one town to compare with the vast and almost fearfully growing population of some half-dozen towns in those two counties.

The Handbook guides the traveller through the whole district in the usual pleasant and sensible way of its fellows. It is a great advantage of a book which starts from such a position as belongs to any of Mr. Murray's series, that it can venture to speak openly, and criticise, when need be, severely, objects before which the local imagination is lost in dumb admiration. What merely local Guidebook would have ventured to do anything but admire Penrhyn Castle—a big house, built and lived in by local grandees? The red Murray can point out without any scruple what a grotesque piece of folly it was for a modern Englishman to build himself a sham Norman castle. Let not Lord Palmerston, by the way, imagine that he has here got hold of an important admission; for a twelfth century window is not so wide as one of the fourteenth or fifteenth, and he may abuse modern Romanesque as much as he pleases. Perhaps it would be as well on the part of the Handbook not to accuse Lord Dunsannon of the "restoration of ecclesiastical ruins"—a charge of which we believe he is wholly innocent. We believe that Valle Crucis Abbey has suffered no such horrible process, but has simply been carefully cleared out, preserved, and made intelligible. But generally everything is very fairly described, and popular errors, such as that of Edward II. being born in a tower of his own building, are carefully pointed out. It would, we think, be just as well to abstain from the words "British" and "early British," which the Handbook still sometimes applies to the whole class of primeval antiquities. Such a description is either meaningless, or else it involves a theory which at best is doubtful. If by "early British" is simply meant things or people which were in Britain a long time ago, nothing is gained by the name. We knew that much already; it is like holding a coroner's inquest on a body and finding a verdict of "found dead." But if by "British" is meant distinctively "Cymrian," a theory is at once admitted which it would be very difficult to prove. The Handbook commonly keeps clear of all Druidical nonsense; but perhaps there is the faintest possible lingering after it in the following sentence:—

The generally received opinion is that they [cromlechs] were sepulchral, though some antiquarians still consider that they were erected for sacrificial purposes.

So some antiquarians, we believe, still consider that Irish round towers are Buddhist, Phœnician, or we know not what.

We are glad to find that the Handbook records the execution of Dafydd ap Gruffydd, at Shrewsbury, without a single epithet or exclamation. But the tour through North Wales implies a visit to Hawarden, and a little examination of the history of the place. When we find that the martyred patriot was a pardoned and favoured rebel, holding estates in England, who, on the night of Palm Sunday, suddenly, in time of perfect peace, surprised one of the King's castles and murdered everybody in it, one cannot greatly wonder that the English Parliament—for it was no less a body that judged him—deemed the union of treason, murder, and sacrilege deserving something even more than simple death. And the penalty then inflicted on Dafydd, be it ever remembered, only ceased to be the law within the present century, and was put in execution in all its fulness in times held to be a great deal more refined than those of Edward I.

We may suggest a slight improvement in the notation of the map. The "Explanation" seems to have been intended for the map of Somersetshire and Wiltshire. "Cities," we are told, are marked thus—BATH; "Borough Towns"—DEVIZES; "Parishes"—MILTON. But this system, as applied to the North Welsh map, produces a City of HARLECH, and a Borough of Dinamowddwy, which we had not before come across.

NOTICE.—The publication of the "SATURDAY REVIEW" takes place on Saturday mornings, in time for the early trains, and copies may be obtained in the Country, through any News-Agent, on the day of publication.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

THE SATURDAY REVIEW

POLITICS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

Price 6d. unstamped; or 7d. stamped.

CONTENTS OF No. 305, AUGUST 31, 1861.—

The Peace Congress at Châlons. Progress of Strong Government in America.
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ALFRED MELLON'S PROMENADE CONCERTS,

THEATRE ROYAL, COVENT GARDEN.
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In the course of the week the following novelties will be given:—A Grand Orchestral Selection of National Airs, English, Irish, Scotch, and Welsh, with solos for the principal performers; the New York Quadrille; New Waltz, "The Warblers of the Forest," introducing a novel effect. A MOZART NIGHT on Thursday next, September 5th, on which occasion the first part of the concert will consist of selections from the works of that great Master; and on Saturday next, September 7th, a repetition of the VOLUNTEER NIGHT, &c. &c.
Promenade, 1s.; Amphitheatre Stalls, 1s. 6d.; Boxes, 2s. 6d.; Private Boxes, 4l. 1s. and 10s. 6d. Conductor, Mr. ALFRED MELLON.

ROYAL STRAND THEATRE.—Under the Management of

Mr. SWANBOROUGH, Sen.—The Public is respectfully informed that this popular Establishment will RE-OPEN for the Season on MONDAY NEXT, September 2nd, when will be revived the admired serio-comic Drama, THE POST BOY; Messrs. J. Rogers, Parselle, Turner, Foynter; Mesdames Page (her first appearance here), E. Burton, Lavine. After which, the successful new Comedy, MORE PRECIOUS THAN GOLD; Messrs. V. H. Swanborough, Parselle; Mesdames Marie Wilton, E. Burton, Manders. Followed by the Grand Sensation Burlesque of ALADDIN, OR THE WONDERFUL SCAMP, supported by the original powerful cast, Messrs. J. Rogers, H. Turner, Foynter, Edge, and J. Clarke; Mesdames Charlotte Saunders, E. Burton, J. Joseph, Curson, and Marie Wilton. Miss Rosina Wright and a numerous Corps de Ballet. To conclude with PEACE AND QUIET, Acting Manager, Mr. W. H. SWANBOROUGH.

MIDLE. WHITTY WILL APPEAR at the THEATRE

ROYAL, DUBLIN, on September 17th, in PURITANI, on the 18th in NORMA, and on the 19th in the BARBIERE; with Titiens, Giuglini, Swift, Lemaire, Della Sedie, and Ciampi.

BRITISH ASSOCIATION FOR THE

ADVANCEMENT OF SCIENCE.

MANCHESTER MEETING, 4th to 11th September, 1861.

RECEPTION ROOM, THE PORTICO, MANCHESTER.

President.—WILLIAM FAIRBAIRN, Esq., LL.D., F.R.S., &c.

The objects of the Association are:—"To give a stronger impulse and more systematic direction to scientific inquiry; to promote the intercourse of those who cultivate science in different parts of the British empire with one another and with foreign philosophers; to obtain a more general attention to the objects of science and a removal of disadvantages of a public kind which impede its progress."

GENERAL ARRANGEMENTS.

Wednesday, 4th September.—OPENING MEETING AND PRESIDENT'S ADDRESS, at Eight P.M., in the Free-trade Hall.

SECTIONAL MEETINGS, to be held, as usual, from the 5th to the 10th inclusive.

Wednesday, 11th September.—CONCLUDING GENERAL MEETING, in the Free-trade Hall.

Thursday, 5th September.—SOLAR (Microscope), in the Free-trade Hall.

Friday, 6th September.—EVENING DISCOURSE.

Saturday, 7th September.—SOLAR (Telegraphs), in the Free-trade Hall.

Monday, 9th September.—EVENING DISCOURSE.

Tuesday, 10th September.—SOLAR (Field Naturalists' Society), in the Free-trade Hall.

On Thursday, the 12th of September.—Important EXCURSIONS.

Gentlemen desirous of attending the meetings may make their choice of being proposed as life members, paying £10 as a composition, or annual subscribers, paying an admission fee of £1, and (additional) £1 annually, or associates for the meeting, paying £1.

Ladies may become members on the same terms as gentlemen; or ladies' tickets (transferable to ladies only) may be obtained in the Reception Room, by members, on payment of £1.

Life members receive gratuitously the reports of the Association which may be published after the date of payment.

Annual subscribers receive gratuitously the report of the Association for the year of their subscription, and for every following year of subscription without intermission.

Associates for the meeting are entitled to the report of the meeting, at two-thirds of the publication price.

In order to facilitate arrangements for the meeting, it is desirable that application for tickets should be made as early as possible.

Forms of proposal may be obtained in the Reception Room during the meeting; or the names of candidates for admission may be transmitted to the Local Secretaries.

As the funds which the Association has to expend for its scientific objects consist only of the payments made by its members and associates, it is particularly desirable that every opportunity should be taken of increasing their number.

Compositions and subscriptions of new members or associates will be received by the Local Secretaries until the commencement of the meeting; afterwards, as well as the subscriptions and arrears of former members, by the Local Treasurer.

For information respecting the local arrangements, application may be made by letter addressed to any of the Local Secretaries for the meeting, at the Portico, Manchester.

R. D. DARRISHIRE, } Local Secretaries
ALFRED NIELD, }
ARTHUR RANSOME, } for the Meeting.
H. E. ROSCOE, }

BRITISH ASSOCIATION FOR THE

ADVANCEMENT OF SCIENCE.

MEETING IN MANCHESTER,

4TH TO 11TH SEPTEMBER, 1861.

RAILWAY PASSES.

Reception Room, Portico, Manchester, August, 1861.

The Executive Committee have arranged with the under-mentioned Railway and Steam-packet Companies to issue to gentlemen and ladies attending the meeting in September, as members or associates, PASSES entitling the bearer to a ticket to Manchester and back, for one fare, between the 2nd and 14th of September:—

Lancashire and Yorkshire Railway Company.

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North Lancashire Steam Navigation Company (to Fleetwood).

Belfast Steam-ship Company (to Liverpool).

Glasgow and Liverpool Royal Mail Steam-Packet Company.

Application for these passes must be made (the sooner the better) to Local Secretaries, B. A. Portico, Manchester, stating the names of those who will use them; and if any are not yet members or associates, their full names and addresses, and the particular class of membership desired.

The pass cards will have to be exchanged at the railway or packet office for the Company's special ticket.

R. D. DARRISHIRE, } Local Secretaries
ALFRED NIELD, }
ARTHUR RANSOME, } for the Meeting.
H. E. ROSCOE, }

See other Advertisements.

Aug. 31, 1861.]

The Saturday Review.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—HALF-GUINEA SEASON
TICKETS, admitting until the 1st of May, 1862, may now be had at the Entrances to the Palace, at Exeter Hall, or of the usual Agents.

ROYAL HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY.—The DAHLIA
SHOW, at SOUTH KENSINGTON, WEDNESDAY WEEK, September 11th. Doors open at One o'clock. Tickets, 2s. 6d. each; on the day, 3s. 6d.; to be had at the Gardens, and of the principal Librarians and Music-sellers.

RAY SOCIETY (ESTABLISHED 1844),
FOR THE PUBLICATION OF WORKS ON NATURAL HISTORY.

THE ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING of the RAY SOCIETY will be held at MANCHESTER, during the Meeting of the British Association, on FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 6th, at Three P.M.

GREAT EASTERN FOR NEW YORK.—The steam-ship
GREAT EASTERN will be despatched from LIVERPOOL for NEW YORK as under:
TUESDAY, September 10;

Fares: Cabin passage, £20 to £25, according to accommodation; Steerage, Seven Guinea and upwards. Freight on moderate terms.—For further particulars apply to C. E. DIXON, 9, Runcorn-place, Liverpool; FRITCHARD and MONKMAN, 4 Rue Rossini, Paris; SMYTH, PEACOCK, and Co., 116, Fenchurch-street; or to the Great Ship Company (Limited), 20, Cannon-street, London, E.C.

NEW OSTEND DAY SERVICE, via DOVER, to and
from BELGIUM, HOLLAND, GERMANY, THE RHINE, &c.

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LEAVE	LEAVE	ARRIVE	ARRIVE
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COLOGNE.	BRUSSELS.	OSTEND.	LONDON.
LEAVE	LEAVE	LEAVE	ARRIVE
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ROYAL SHIP HOTEL, DOVER.—NOTICE TO
TRAVELLERS AND VISITORS.—The Ship Hotel, long famous amongst all classes, has just undergone extensive repairs. The charges are moderate, and a Ladies' Coffee Room has been added. Suites of Apartments can be secured for families. Application to be made to the Manager, The Harbour Station of the London, Chatham, and Dover Railway, shortly to be opened, is only ten yards distant from the Hotel.

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TO THE EDITOR OF THE "SATURDAY REVIEW."

SIR.—Our attention has been drawn to your able articles on the "DELINQUENCIES OF THE SERVANTS' HALL." All plain-dealing, straightforward transactions owe you a debt of gratitude for so ably exposing a system which is disgraceful to the tradesman, demoralizing to the servant, and nothing less than robbery to the master. The following paragraph from our Price List will show that we set our face against it; but the delinquencies of the servants' hall are not confined to a short time; those who entrust butlers or housekeepers to give their orders, while of the other classes many have continued to deal with us since we began business.

"A single peculiarity of this business remains to be mentioned. The prices quoted are the lowest real money, cash prices. Of course no discount, no percentages to servants can be allowed, no Christmas boxes, no bribery and corruption of any kind. If the goods are what they are warranted to be, viz., well worth the money—they say; if not, there is no ill done."

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ST. BARTHOLOMEW'S HOSPITAL and MEDICAL
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LECTURES.

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Surgery—Mr. LAWRENCE.
Descriptive Anatomy—Mr. SKEL and Mr. HODDER.
Physiology and General Anatomy—Mr. SAVORY.
Chemistry—Dr. FRANKLAND.
Demonstrators of Anatomy—Mr. CALLENDER and Mr. SMITH.
Demonstrator of Morbid Anatomy—Dr. ANDREW.

SUMMER SESSION, COMMENCING MAY 1st, 1862.

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Botany—Dr. HARRIS.
Forensic Medicine—Dr. MARTIN.
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Comparative Anatomy—Mr. COOTE.
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The Hospital contains 650 beds, and Clinical Lectures are delivered—On the Medical Cases, by Dr. BURROWS, Dr. FARRER, and Dr. BLACK; on the Surgical Cases, by Mr. LAWRENCE, Mr. SKEL, and Mr. FAGOT; and on Obstetrical Surgery, by Mr. COOTE.
COLLEGIATE ESTABLISHMENT.—Students can reside within the Hospital walls, subject to the collegiate regulations. Some of the teachers connected with the Hospital also reside students to reside with them.
Information respecting scholarships and other details may be obtained from Mr. FARRER, Mr. CALLENDER, or any of the Medical or Surgical Officers or Lecturers; or at the Anatomical Museum or Library.

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6. Geology—By A. C. RAMSAY, F.R.S.
7. Applied Mechanics—By ROBERT WILLIS, M.A., F.R.S.
8. Physics—By T. TYNDALL, F.R.S.

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Pupils are received in the Royal College of Chemistry (the Laboratory of the School), under the direction of Dr. Hofmann, and in the Metallurgical Laboratory, under the direction of Dr. Percy.

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For a prospectus and information, apply at the Museum of Practical Geology, Jernyn-street, London.

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Director of Education—Mr. JOHNSON.

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